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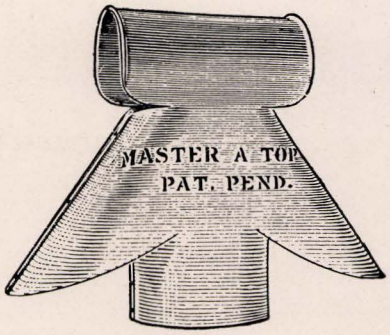
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Deposits	**60,669,724.15**
Capital Actually Paid Up	**1,000,000.00**
Reserve and Contingent Funds	**2,437,587.00**
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Every selection must be accompanied by a coupon as printed in May Overland Monthly.

The coupon must bear the name and address of the competitor plainly written.

Competitors can send as many selections as they wish, if accompanied by coupons but no competitor shall receive more than one prize.

If two competitors send same winning selection, the first received obtains the prize.

The prizes will be awarded by the noted poet, and pre-eminent literary critic of the Pacific Coast, George Douglas, whose decision will be final.

All selections must reach the Editorial Rooms of the Overland Monthly 259-261 Minna Street, San Francisco, California, not later than June 10th.

Names of winners and the successful selections will appear in the July number of the Overland, with a critical article by Mr. Douglas, on the public taste in poetry, as shown by the competition.

List of Prizes.

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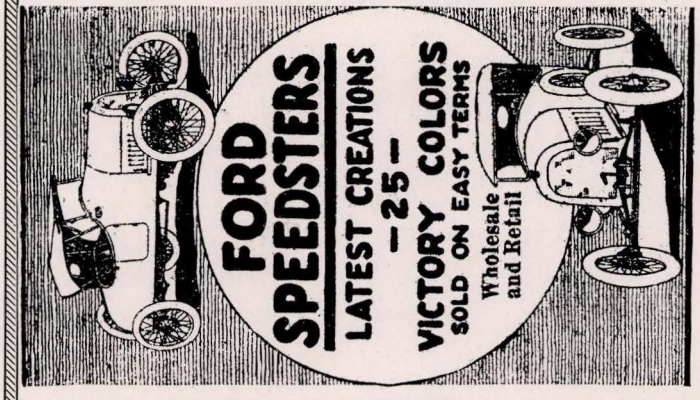
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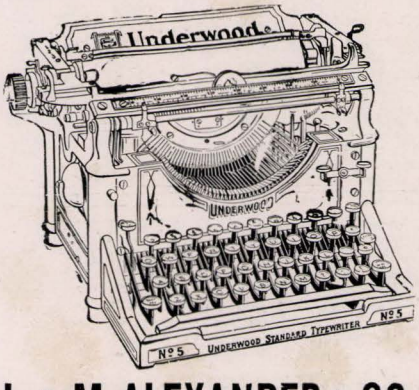
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thought. What were her thoughts? He made a mental note to investigate later along these lines, no time now. Then she thrust out her tongue. Was this an Indian symbol

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they were alone, the two. He must be the stronger—much depended upon it. Summoning all his will power, he lowered his eyes. She was panting — in suspense, he

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so welcoming that he was of half a mind to leave the country. While thus musing, he felt those eyes upon him and turning, again encountered their steady gaze.

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and form were a veiled mystery. Above the eyes he could imagine a slanting forehead, a sleek head, low and seductive.

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a world thronged with sweltering humans. His only desire was to remain here and feast his eyes upon this figure before him. So deep in his trance was he that her face

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cynical, contemptuous—overcoming. He felt himself being rushed on by currents that seemed to whirl his surroundings into an encircling chaos, leaving him alone—alone in

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"John, you are driving too fast."
"Can't you find a better road?"
"My G—— you almost hit that man, John."
"I'll get out and walk."

A student coming to a hard question on his examination paper, wrote for his answer: "God only knows, I don't." The paper came back with the following in the teacher's handwriting: "God gets credit, you don't."

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Two shipwrecked sailors were starving on a desert island. One turned to his miserable companion and asked:
"Can you pray, Bill?"
"No."
"Can you sing a hymn?"
"No."
"Well, let's have something religious; lets take up a collection."

She Needed It

The mistress of the house was obstinate. "No," she said firmly, "I don't want no buttons, or no laces." Putting his foot in the fast closing door, the tramp held up his hand. "Here you are lady," he said: "Grammar for Beginners, only two bits."

A man from the backwoods of the West visited New York for the first time and went into a restaurant to have his dinner.

All went well until the waiter brought him a napkin. The eyes of the backwoodsman blazed, and pulling out his six shooter, he told the waiter his mind: "You take that blame thing right away," he said evenly, "I reckon I know when to use a handkerchief without having them darned hints thrown out."

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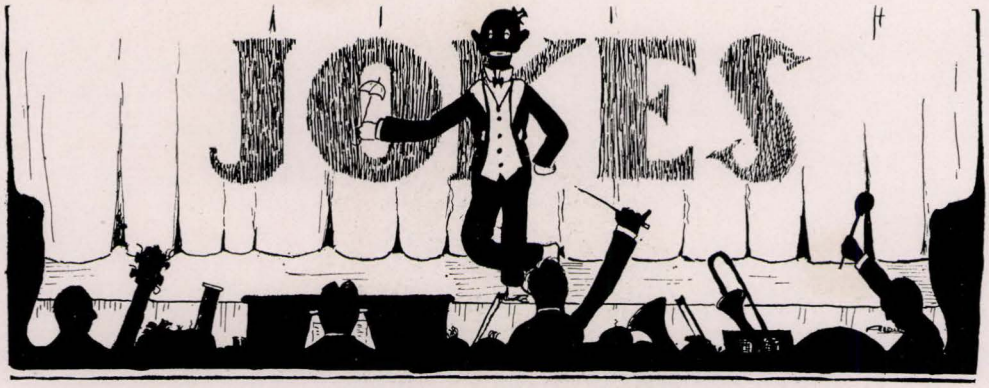
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Cornelius Husk, on his first visit to the seaside, went to the beach at low tide and saw a big fishing smack high and dry on the mud flats.

"Hey mister," he yelled to a fisherman, "how do you get that boat down to the water?"

"We don't take the boat down to the water," said the fisherman, "the water comes up to the boat.

Cornelius Husk gave a harsh laugh.

"Say mister," he said, "I may be from the country, but I ain't goin' to swaller that."

Senior—Do you take Chloroform?

Scrub—No, sir, who teaches it?

Teacher—My boy, I am sorry to see you smoking. Do you know what you are coming to?

Offender—Yes, sir, the cork tip.

AFTER FOOTBALL PRACTICE

Mr. Hardy—"Leonard, did you take that shower?

Hoss—No, sir, is there one missing?

WHEN THE LINOTYPE MEN MISS A FEW

Maybe He Still Lives—The evidence plainly showed that the man was **Dead** several hours before he was **Killed.**—London Daily Mail.

Perhaps He Can Milk Chocolate, Too — Gardener, elderly; **Milk Chickens,** drive, furnace, useful. Reference. Richard, 178 Worth St.—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

All Friends Doing Well—Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hutchinson are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son last Thursday.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Too Strong—The labor men of Melbourne, Australia, have thrown out the proposal for One Big Onion.—Montreal Star.

Female Impersonator, Perhaps—Mr. Arthur Bourchier will play the title role, and **Mary Queen of Scots.**—News of the World, London.

Oh, Lady!—Mrs. Nancarrow looked at Camilla with **Michael's Eyes and Brow,** but she spoke with a **Different Mouth.**—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Sousa, How Could You?—Souse Leads Band. The principal feature which marked the preliminaries, was a little band led by **John Phillip.**

Krazy Kid



Doctors is Bad Guys to Have Around the House

A little wile ago I was affected with some ailments which left me in bedd and lett the doctor kum over to my place.

The first guy which came was too lazy to shave or something, because he had built a garaj on his chin. First he gives me a little piece of thing which I putt in my mouth. I never knew what it was so I guessed the guy had gave me something to eat. So I took several bites and swallows and it didn't taste bad, only there was some liquid stuff in the center which was very heavy on my stumack.

After the doctor had seen what I had did he pretty near went nuts. He would have tore his hair only he never had none to tear. Anyway he went through the motions of how he would do it if he had any to tear. Then he pulls out a fresh stick and says, "Keep it under your tongue."

I tried hard to follow by his direktions but it wouldn't fit under my tongue, being much too large, so I took it out of my mouth and put it on top of the hot water bag.

Pretty soon he asks me for the thing and I give it to him. He takes one slant and keels over in the chair. "What seems to be wrong?" says I kindly.

"It's over 200 degrees, you're dead," he says.

Right away I see he was a bum doctor to come in and say I was dead, or else maybe the guy had lost what was left of his mind. I says nothing but give him a bad look. He must have saw that I was angri as he jumps up and says I have to be examined.

I think that that doctor was a good carpenter once. He begun to pound me and hammer me all over, but lucky for me he had left his hammer home and done no damage. Then he put a little hole in my ear with a needle to get my blood test. I askt him would he be kind and put another hole in the other ear so I could wear ear-rings. Then he says I was in a delerious.

A couple of days later he come in and says my tests have showed I was well. Then he gives me the bill which hurt me more than it did him.

* * * *

James Oofsky's leg was broken when an automobile struck him between the lamp and radiator.

THE WILD HAIR

I saw his hair as he stood there,
It dangled on his map.
His face was mild, his hair was wild
But what cared he—the sap?
On locks abused no comb he used,
He combed it with an ax.
Some hair stayed down, some floated 'round
The rest seemed to relax.
I circled him—his sight was dim
His hair was in his eyes.
I've seen shaved nuts,
I've seen queer cuts
But his hair took the prize.
So keep away, it's safe to stay
Afar from him, my child
For when he's near,
Run, hide with fear.
Beware—his hair is wild.

AN A LITTLE VOISE

The centipede goes walking gaily
Scorning shoes he walks on daily,
Sometimes he stumbles as he goes,
It's hard to stub five hundred toes.

(Column Edited for Commerce Spirit Bi-Weekly by Al. Castle, '20.)



GIRLS' BASKETBALL
21's and 22's



GIRLS' BASEBALL

The first swallow, or whatever kind of bird it is that typifies Spring, has sung its song, and what is more important, the girls have gathered once more on the back-lot diamond to play the great American game. They have chosen from among their numbers to lead them on to victory, H. Applegate, H. Tessien, I. Emerson, and F. Torre, representing the '20, '21 and '23 classes respectively, and other schools' teams are already trembling in anticipation.

TENNIS

Our enthusiasm has been aroused and, such being the case, there is a great turn-out of players. The beginners are fast being developed into experts, while the experts draw nearer and nearer to perfection. Inter-class and inter-scholastic tournaments loom in the near distance and we will be surprised to say the least if we don't develop at least one champion. Your racquet can do more good out of the case than in it, we fervently believe.

BASKETBALL

The basketball season began with a snap. Our first game was played by the Freshman Class, captained by Carolyn Swartz, and that of Lowell. It was certainly one of the best games we have witnessed for a long time, and although Lowell won from us by a score of 14 to 8, our hopes for the future were considerably raised.

Not only the Freshmen played true to form. Under the leadership of Celia Schacter the Sophomores carried the Blue and White to victory in both games they played. The first game was with Mission and we won by a very narrow margin, the score being 25 to 26. The second game with Lux, was a greater victory, the score being 16 to 25. Both games warrant our keeping our eyes on the Juniors, that are to be, next term.

But—speaking of Juniors—there is no time like the present. Helen Tessien and her girls showed that the Juniors have the "goods" and know how to deliver it, their game with Girls' High, featuring good, snappy team work. Girls' High won by a score of 15 to 8, but we are looking forward to a basketball wave.

DOROTHY ERHART.



SWIMMING

Third place. Coming up, all the breaks are with us, it looks like a promising season for our swimming team. This is another team favored with the loss of no one by graduation.

Leonard Charles won both the 50 and 100 yd. dash in the 130 lb. class. Charles has all the natural qualities of a swimmer and is possessed of a stroke all his own. He has another year and a half to add to his swimming honors before leaving high school, during which time, with earnest practice, he may establish a record in the the 50 yd. dash. All our points came as a surprise. Hall, placing third in the fancy diving, and Sullivan, placing fourth in the 100 yd. dash unlimited, revealed a surprise to everyone, as we little knew that we had talent in those lines. Vialatte and Dean, though not amongst the point-getters, made a fine showing for their first attempt in an S. F. A. L. meet.

It is in the coming meet of the Spring of 1920 that we are hoping to give Commerce a name in the high school swimming world. Charles, Hall and Sullivan can bring in as many points as they did last season, which pushed us up to third place, and now, with an addition of eight or ten new swimmers, we can feel ourselves stretching for that cup.

W. DEAN.

WEARERS OF BLOCK C's

Class of '20

Olsson Basketball '17

Dean Basketball '17, Track, Spring '17, Fall '17, Spring '18, Fall '19

Ladar Basketball '17, '19

Vialatte Basketball '19

Pyne Track '19

Class of '21

Belasco Basketball '18

Perasso Basketball '17

Charles Basketball '19, Swimming '19

Class of '22

Miner Basketball '19

Costa Basketball '19

Adams Track '19

The following girls have won this distinguished honor:

Mary Carroll '21, Baseball

Helen Tessien '21, Baseball

TRACK

Each term moves us up a notch; everything is with us. Not one point-getter is lost by graduation and we may depend on a few more points than scored in October. As an outstanding star for Commerce and the entire track is Adams, who won both the 50 and 100 yard dash. Adams broke the S. F. A. L. record for the 100 yard dash, lowering the record from 12 seconds flat to 11 1-5 seconds. This is a case of a Freshman's being a block "C" wearer. Another surprise was the winning of first place in the shot put by Dean, who shot a distance of 42 feet 8 inches, adding another 5 points to our total. Perasso for the second time placed third in the shot put. Perasso's heave of 40 feet 8 inches netted another two points. The next two points came from Pyne. After struggling over the two-twenty course, in a heat and a final, he picked off fourth place in the 220 yard dash, and with his broad-jumping he met his second fourth place with his leap of 17 feet. Pera, flash from Manila, nosed Pyne out for third place in the 220 yard dash, coming from behind and forging ahead in the last few yards. Harvey clearing the bar at 5 feet won a fourth place in the high jump, giving us another point and bringing our total to 22 points.

Other track men who trained faithfully were Devencenci, Milers and Lawless, who promise to make a showing this season.

Summary of Track Meet

Adams	100 lb. class first 50 yd. first 100 yd. (record)	10 pts.
Dean	130 lb. class first shot put	5 pts.
Perasso	130 lb. class third shot put	2 pts.
Pyne	110 lb. class fourth 220 yd. dash fourth broad-pump	2 pts.
Pera	110 lb. class third 220 yd. dash	2 pts.
Harvey	120 lb. class fourth high jump	1 pt.
		22 pts.

TENNIS

The revival of tennis at Commerce was started early in the Spring Term of 1919. The first tennis matches were managed by Mr. Prinz, who has done all in his power toward the success of the sport at the school. The first team to represent Commerce in a tournament was the Commerce Faculty Team, who proceeded to wallop Poly's Faculty and win the High School Faculty Tennis Championship. This little victory was quite a blow to the Polyites and a surprise to the Lowellites. The Student Team was organized too late to take an active part in the S. F. A. L. Tournament of that term.

Faculty Team—Mr. Hardy, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Alger, Mr. Learned, and Mr. Prinz, **Student Team**—Frank Hosmer, Dan Rosencrans (Capt.), Ed. Booth, George Bebeshiemer, George Tilden, Sam Bleadon and Les Harvey.

During the fall term new stars were discovered in the persons of Gerald McGuire and Fukushima, freshmen. McGuire distinguished himself by winning the elimination tourney and Fukushima walloped all of the players on the team. Ed. Booth, the remaining player of the year's team, succeeded in holding the Ranking Tourney Title for the term. Ed. Litsinger plays this term, a credit to Commerce.

The Spring term of 1920 started off in first class style. McGuire, Bebeshiemer and Booth joined the Golden Gate Tennis Club. They participated in several of the tournaments held by the club. The team is naturally a good team, although it is not in the championship class.

Tennis is established at Commerce and a championship will be gained before four years are ended.

S. F. A. L. Team

Ed. Booth (Capt.)
G. McGuire
F. Fukushima
E. Litsinger
L. Harvey
C. Strickland

Faculty Team

David Hardy
P. Prinz
George Learned
Irving Alger

ED. BOOTH.



AMERICAN FOOTBALL AND THAT FACULTY GAME

AMERICAN FOOTBALL



Due to the efforts of Coach David Hardy the students were urged to support an American team, and rallied so earnestly that never before was the student body so plentiful with money. Suits were bought and immediately practice began. Head Coach Hardy and his helpers, Mr. Prinz, and Sergeant Savage, drilled football into their squad until finally after three months of solid training day after day, Commerce was able to boast of one of the best American teams in this city, having vanquished most of the high school teams, and losing only to the tars from Goat Island and to Potter.

A glance at the line-up will doubtless be interesting: Fred Ott, '21, was a hard working footballer who held down left end. John Begley, '22, at left tackle soon learned the essentials of his position, and applied his knowledge in a manner pleasing to witness. Elmer Sullivan, '21, proved a guard not to be considered lightly by opponents. Fred Augustiny, '20, at center, acquired a fast, accurate pass, and also was a factor in the team's defense. Right guard found Leroy Handley, '21, holding back attack in big league fashion. Harry Wallenberg, '20, proved a consistent, strong and hard working lines man. Leonard Charles, '21, installed at right end, proved a sweet little forward pass receiver. Walter Dean, the peppery little captain, ran back punts in a manner that was worth the price of admission to see. His fight-instilling voice, snapping out signals, was a large factor in the team's admirable showing. Laban Neathery' 23, was a clean-cut, sure tackler, and fitted in very well at fullback. Harold Belasco, '21, turned out to be a line-smashing, tearing back that was hard to stop. Harold played right-half. Bill Leonard, '21, at left-half, was a veritable battering ram on offence, and a sure tackler. Korbinian Geyer, '20, and Homer McGrew, '22, were the reserves for the end positions, and showed remarkably well for their weight. Lang, '23, filled in at guard on numerous occasions, and displayed merit. Elton Lawless, '21, was the alternate fullback, and showed remarkable ability in open field running. Conlon, '23, played both full and quarter positions, and his knack of keeping his feet proved a great asset. Harry Evans, '19, was a valuable backfield man until he became ill, and was forced to leave for two months. Victor D'Acquisto joined the team late, but showed ability to hit that old line for fair. Werley, '22, was a tower of strength to the team until he suffered a broken collarbone and was forced to quit the squad. Timothy Deasy, '23, was another Freshman who though slow, showed class on the field of combat.

Coach Hardy's motto was "Work, work, work," and by giving Commerce the same drilling he had received on the California varsity back in '10, '11 and '12, he made possible an American team in such short time.

BASEBALL STIRS COMMERCE

The balmy spring air that pervaded our vicinity during the last week of February, inspired that instinctive spirit for America's national pastime that is inborn in every heart that pumps red blood through the arteries of an American boy. Youthful proclivities emerging from a long winter's hibernation manifested its excess energy in the tangible form of swinging bats and whistling horsehides. Out of the melee of overexuberant Freshman tossers, disdainful Sophomores, carefree Juniors and dignified, aloof Seniors, there developed a baseball team that will surely hang up an enviable record, if their early-season form is any criterion. Two games resulted in two defeats, quite satisfactory to Coach Hardy. Stanford Babes sent our tossers back from Palo Alto with a 4—2 setback. Each team garnered 5 hits, the Freshmen, however, turning these into 4 runs, while our "hopes" were gathering. Augustiny pitched his first game for Commerce, pitching fine, steady ball. Paynter received his offerings in grand shape, besides clicking two hits. Leonard at short scooped grounders a la Rabbit Maranville, and clicked out a safe wallop. "Babe" Perasso on the initial hassock played bang-up ball in the field, besides crashing out a clean bingle. Callahan in center field secured the other Commerce hit. Kennedy held down the look-in corner, while Pyne slicked them around second. Olsson pulled a few nice catches in the left garden, while Belasco adorned the right field pasture.

At Berkeley the blue and white squad met a faster team, and recrossed the bay with another defeat, this time to the tune of 6—2. The team simply had a bad day, twice relaxing into a comedy of errors, on both occasions the California Frosh putting over two markers. Augustiny again pitched a good brand of ball, his delivery yielding the college but 4 hits.

The team is practicing with commendable tenacity of purpose, for they mean to clean up in the S. F. A. L. this year. Freshmen abound on the practice diamond and the first year men are earnestly striving for berths, keeping the team on the hop from the start. Among these are Lang, Stern, Landow and a host of others. Sophomores and Juniors are also trying hard to make the squad, among these being: Booth, Wooster, Smith, Sullivan, De Bernardi, Brilliant, Delucchi, Conklin and Brehaut. Whatever the Fates may have in store for the several teams entered in the S. F. A. L., it is certain that the nine dressed in the good old blue and white of Commerce will give an account of itself worthy of baseball teams that sported those same colors back in 1915-17.

Al Castle's return to school is a big asset to the ball team. Al was a cute little hurler in '19, and also made his club felt. Besides, he is a sterling infielder, and strengthens the team appreciably.

Prospects to get the bunting in the S. F. A. L. this year are bright. With the team playing steady ball, plenty of material available, a good practice diamond, and the service of Mr. Hardy, peerless Coach, there is little left to be desired.

The practice session has brought some new player into the lime-light who promise to hit a fast pace the coming season. Callahan, a Sophomore has played ball for some time, and is dangerous with the willow. Kennedy has shown class in practice, and much is expected of him. Belasco shows promise of real ability. Augustiny, in last year's outfield, essayed the game from the pitcher's box this year, and up to date has made a good showing. He can also click the ball on occasions.

W. DEAN.

OUR MIDGETS

Composed of entirely unexperienced players, their drawback was their tardiness in starting practice. All due credit must be given these little fellows and Mr. Prinz for the organization and faithful practice during the season. It is just such stuff that makes a championship team. Keep it up, fellows, and get that coveted block "C" on your next team.

The line-up for the season consisted of: Sullivan, captain; Ferrari, forwards; Hansen, center; Stewart, Robinson, Morton, guards.

W. DEAN.

110'S

The very first game of the league practically decided the district championship, and that game was certainly worthy of championship write-up. Both teams were known to have a strong line-up, and when they met the crowd was cramped and shoved into all kinds of positions. Everyone remembers how that score see-sawed between Commerce and Poly. A shrill whistle announced the end of the game and brought hundreds of eager spectators to the scorekeeper, who by this time was swamped. Excitement was reaching the point of violence when, at last, a husky voice ended the suspense with the announcement that it was a tie, 21—21 and five minutes of extra play would be needed. With that, yelling would never cease; our same team appeared on the court for the extra five minutes of play with Pyne, captain, and "Hawkshaw" Burke at forwards, flying around and dropping 'em in regularly, Cuevas, playing a wonderful all-around game at center, and Sammy Bleadon and Bacigalupi playing the game of their young lives at guards.

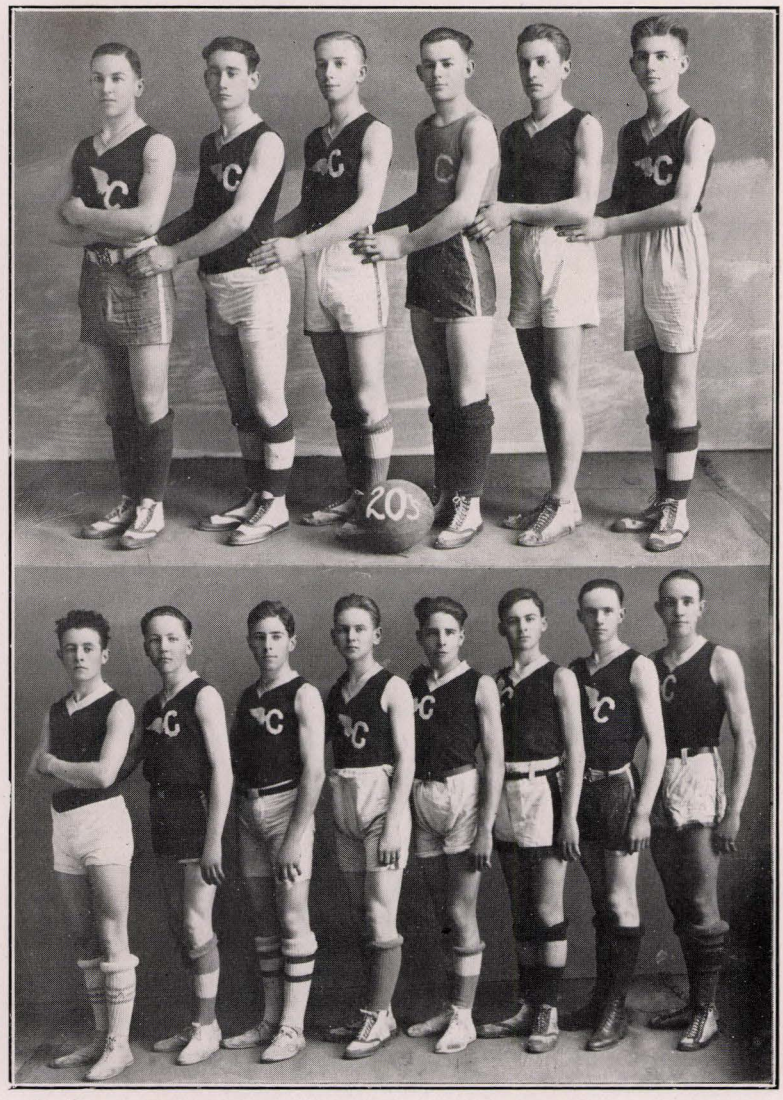
Once again the whistle blew, a few passes and Pyne had the ball on one side of the court, taking careful aim, he shot, another two points, Commerce leads. This was quickly followed by a neat one-hand shot under the basket by Cuevas and bing, bing, the game was over. Commerce won, 25—21.

Finishing their schedule and winning all, they met Sacred Heart for the city title. We lost this game but not without some thrills. Commerce, 24; Sacred Heart, 31.

"Peanuts" Pyne (Capt.), forward, played an all-star game during the entire season and this year played on the Championship P. A. A. team. "Hawkshaw" Burke, Pyne's mate, always seemed to have the ball and followed it everywhere. Miller playing his first season made quite a name for himself. Cuevas, at center, specialized on shots under the basket and rarely missed. Bleadon and Bacigalupi, regular guards, and Nickerson, sub, were the backbone of the team. Although at the games their work was little noticed we must not fail to record it here. Had it not been for their close guarding our opponents' scores would have read much higher, while their guarding during the Sacred Heart game in the second half nearly spelled defeat for Sacred Heart.

RECORD OF 10'S

Commerce	25		Poly	21
Commerce	2		Cogswell	0 default
Commerce	41		Mission	10
Commerce	24		Sacred Heart	31
Total	92		Total	62



20'S

30'S

120'S

The school was back of them a thousand strong. Everyone knew the how, when, why and wherefores of the 20's. Little could this be helped for early in the season, not even three days after the reopening of school last August, this aggregation was around school scouting players, in order to have two teams which would provide plenty of practice. This was done and for two solid months the team practiced every spare moment. It looked like a championship team; Les Harvey, Swede Olsson and Dean had played basketball together since 1916, while in addition to this they had Miner, forward of the 120 lb. championship of the previous season. At the opening of the season four other players had developed and made a regular place on the team. They were Max Bonnahan, utility player, guard, center or forward with equal ability at either, Jerry McGuire, forward and as slippery as an eel, Kennedy, a real Irish guard and Nassano, a running guard, dropping them in regularly.

With these eight players they made their way safely through the first part of their schedule. Now we come to the game with Poly. Neither Commerce nor Poly had lost a game, and that afternoon the roof was removed from overhead to make room for the crowd that filled the little St. Ignatius gymnasium. Two games preceded this and finally when it started it was past supper-time, but the crowd remained. It would be of no use to describe the game here as everyone has read of it in the Commerce Spirit. We should note that the final score read 20—13 with Poly on top, and described in the city papers as the fastest brand of basketball provided in the high school league.

With the coming season we are likely to see these fellows again playing under the name of Commerce. The line-up for the season was as follows: Miner, Olsson, McGuire, forwards; Dean (Capt.) center; Harvey, Bonnahan, Kennedy, Nassano, guards.

RECORD OF 20'S

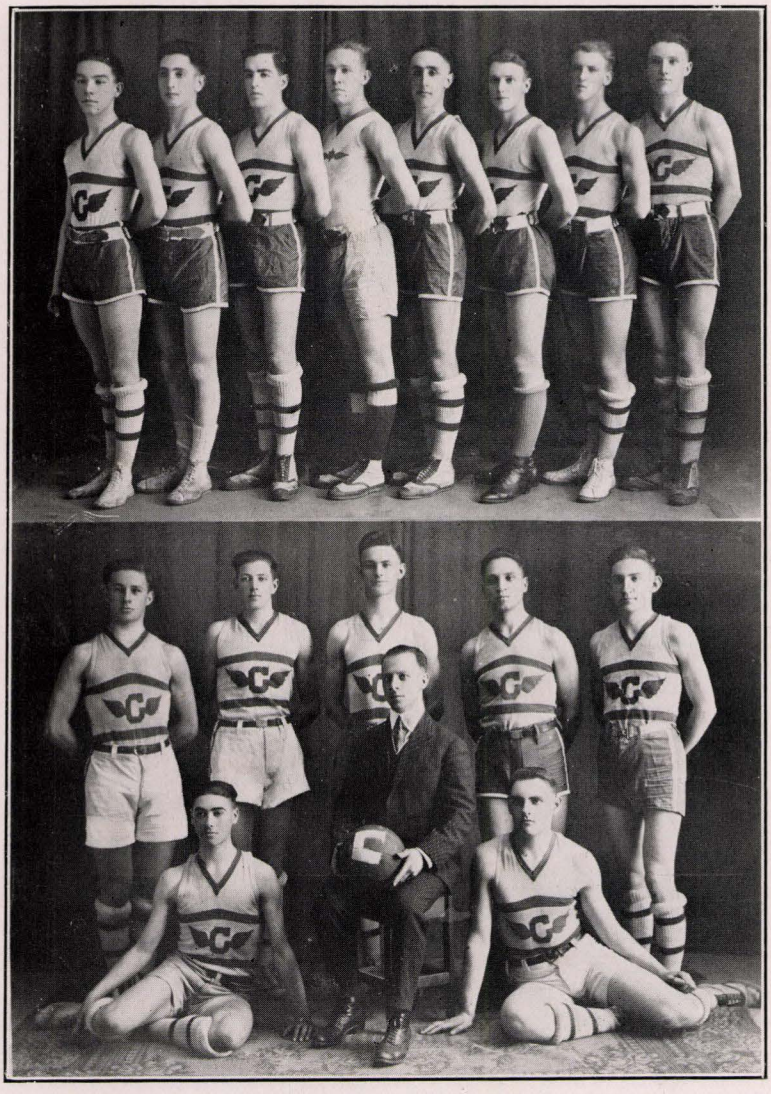
Commerce	37	St. Ignatius	29
Commerce	43	Cogswell	21
Commerce	50	Lowell	16
Commerce	28	Mission	33
Commerce	13	Poly	20
Total	171	Total	119

130'S

They had about as many scalps on their belt as the '45's. These light heavyweights were scouring the city for more victories. Before the league started they had Poly, Lick, Lowell, Mission, St. Ignatius, and a host of other wins to their credit. Practice made this team; on the line-up for their first league game, only two faces were familiar to the basketball world at large, that of Charles and Vialatte. After an unbroken wining streak, the 30's, with only two more games to play, one with Sacred Heart, and one with Cogswell, seemed to have an excellent chance to win the title.

The game with Sacred Heart seemed easy, as was proven later; but the game with Cogswell upset all our hopes and expectations. Our boys lost second place medals because of a poor system.

Commerce	10	Lick	7
Commerce	23	Lowell	21
Commerce	54	Mission	14
Commerce	24	St. Ignatius	16
Commerce	24	Poly	15
Commerce	10	Cogswell	40
Commerce	32	Sacred Heart	16
Total	177	Total	129



Haley, Paynter and Anderson, forwards; Smith, captain and center; and Sullivan, De A'Quiste. Brilliant and Augustiny, guards.

RECORD OF TEAMS

Commerce	30	Lick	8
Commerce	21	Lowell	22
Commerce	2	Humboldt	0
Commerce	30	Poly	15
Commerce	24	Cogswell	26
Total	107	Total	71

W. DEAN.

145'S WIN CHAMPIONSHIP

They won the championship, and the best part about it is that the team won it, no single man. Whenever one thinks of them, he sees a sight that is very pleasing to the real lover of basketball, and to one who understands how to play the game right. A machine-like combination, always passing, and when the ball goes in one can see how it happened, not a sudden rush, and a long shot, but a definite plan being carried out. Particular credit must be given to the guards, for when the game was hottest, they showed an initiative which practically won our hardest games. No one can forget that shot Costa put in during the Poly game, and the one Belasco "strung" from center. But don't ever think they were "fake" guards. I can still see "Belasco" in the Lowell game, making a wonderful stop of some long pass, and just as an opponent was about to shoot, bobbing up and smashing the ball from his hands. Then is the time that the teamwork and coolness of the guards was shown. Instead of rushing into the mix-up Costa would pick up the ball, and start it going to the forwards, who were always waiting for it, and once they got their hands on it "goodnight."

Begley, at forward was probably the best floor man in the league. Whenever he shot, he was always the first man to touch the ball after that "shot" and many an opposing guard feels some sore spot from where he hit that "perfect build" of "Reds."

It was the ability of Begley and Captain Sam Ladar to bring the ball down the field together and give it into the waiting hands of Perasso, in the Lowell game, and Lawless in the Poly game, that made the forward end of the team invincible. A few times during the season the team was badly crippled by sickness, and it was then that such men as Leonard and Ott proved their value to the team.

Truly a wonderful team! The best that Commerce has had since 1916, which is saying quite a bit. And the best part of it is, they will all be back next year, and Commerce can look forward to something that has never happened thus far in the history of the school, namely, "The Unlimited Championship."

Friend reader, was the athletic outlook of the High School of Commerce ever brighter?

SAM LADAR.

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UNLIMITED PLACE THIRD

It was the first time in two years that Commerce put out a team in this weight, but they came back strong. Whether we should put a team in this weight was long debated; finally enough fellows showed up and practice was started under Mr. Prinz.

With a few weeks' practice they began the league schedule in top-notch form. Their first game was an easy win over Lick, defeating them 30—8. The next game was a heart-breaker and fairly broke up the entire team. It was with Lowell as usual, one of our favorite enemies. The first half was Lowell's all there was, but the second half was a different story. Commerce came back with her real spirit and was running them ragged; they piled up their points until the score stood, Commerce 21; Lowell 22, when all of a sudden, while both teams were fighting with greatest intensity the lights went out and from all sides an S. O. S. was sent in for electricity. But the Coliseum was strictly a union house and nothing worked after six o'clock. The final score read, Lowell 22; Commerce 21, and we lost the game with that decision, although we had another 8 or 10 minutes of play.

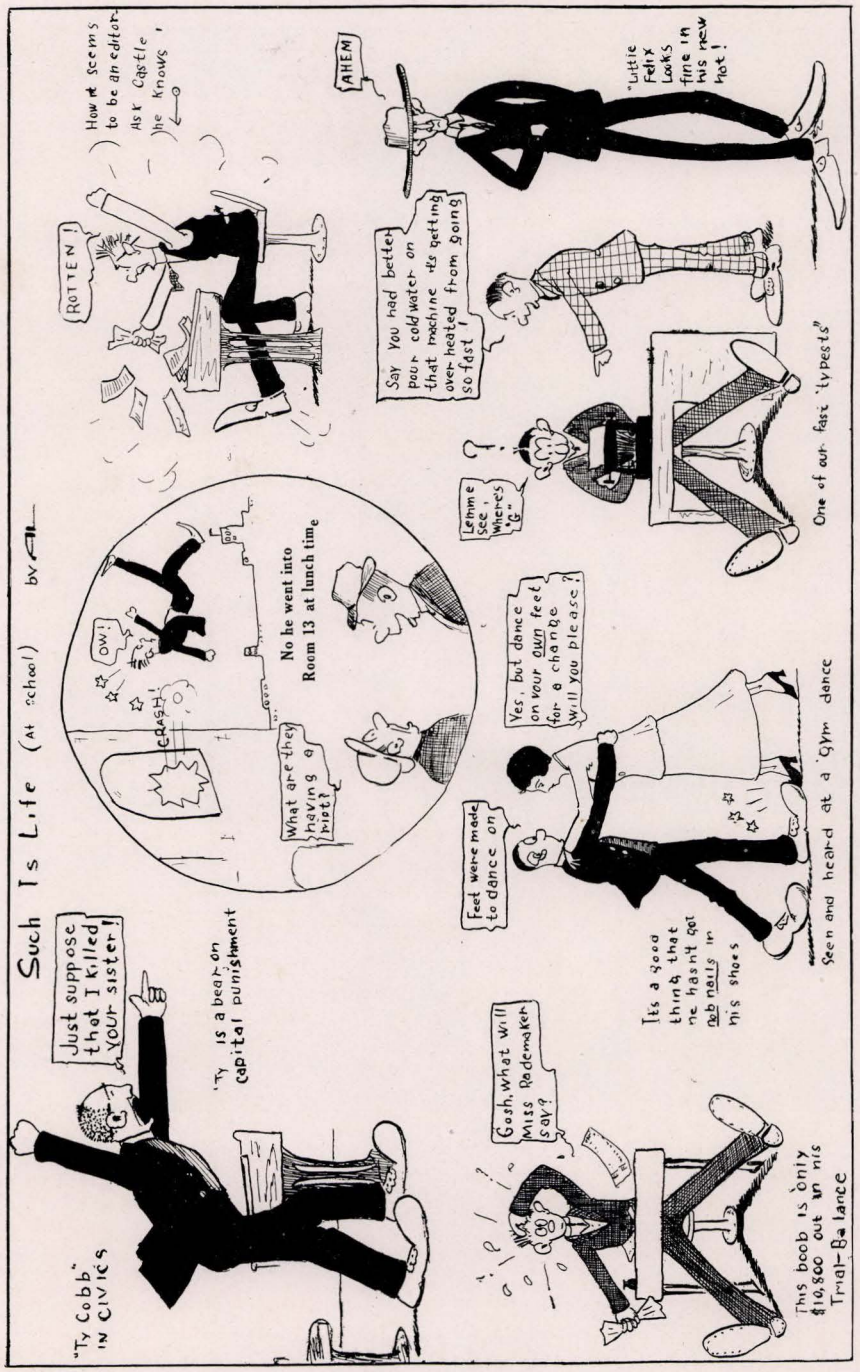
Humboldt we won from by default, and Poly we trounced 30—15.



OUR ACTIVITIES

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Baseball
Basketball
Football
Tennis
Swimming
Track
Commonwealth Club
Forum Club
Camera Club
Debating Society
Spanish Club
Girls' Association
Welfare Committee
Student Body Association
Commerce Spirit
Commerce Journal
Orchestra
Jazz Band



PRIZE CARTOON
Albert Larsen



WELFARE COMMITTEE
President—Emily Bischoff



GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Just as "great oaks from little acorns grow," so the Girls' Association of the High School of Commerce has grown from an idea to an organization which would do credit to any school.

Although we have not held many meetings, this term, last term we were favored with instructive and beneficial talks and entertainments, by others than members of this school, and besides this, had some serious, heart-to-heart talks with our Dean, Miss Garbarino.

The Girls' Association officers last term were: President, Dorothy Clark; Vice-President, Lily Taxiera; Secretary, Alice Kavanagh; Treasurer, Charlotte Swan. (See pictures above, reading left.)

This year we have filling the offices of the Girls' Association: President, Alice Kavanagh; Vice-President, Madolin Keegan; Secretary, Virginia Kelly; Treasurer, Dorothy Erhart.

Judging from the success of the past and the success of the present, the future has in store even greater things for the Girls' Association.

DOROTHY ERHART, '20.

WELFARE COMMITTEE

The Welfare Committee is composed of thirty-three nurses, who had charge of the Rest Room. Under the supervision of Miss Garbarino, and with the help of Miss Heaney, the girls did much good work. Many a girl has good cause to thank the nurses, who are giving up study periods to be of assistance to others. In all, 974 girls were given attention in the Rest Room last term.

The Committee enjoyed a little tea given in the Faculty Lunch Room at the end of the term. Colonel Murphy was guest of honor. The speakers were: Emily Bischoff, President of the Committee; Mrs. Amrath, Miss Heaney, and Miss Garbarino. The decorations were arranged by Mrs. Amrath, and were very pretty and appropriate.

The officers for the Fall Term, '19, were:

President—Emily Bischoff
Vice-President—Lois Blaisdell
Secretary—Babette Goldschmidt
Treasurer—Vera Stegeman

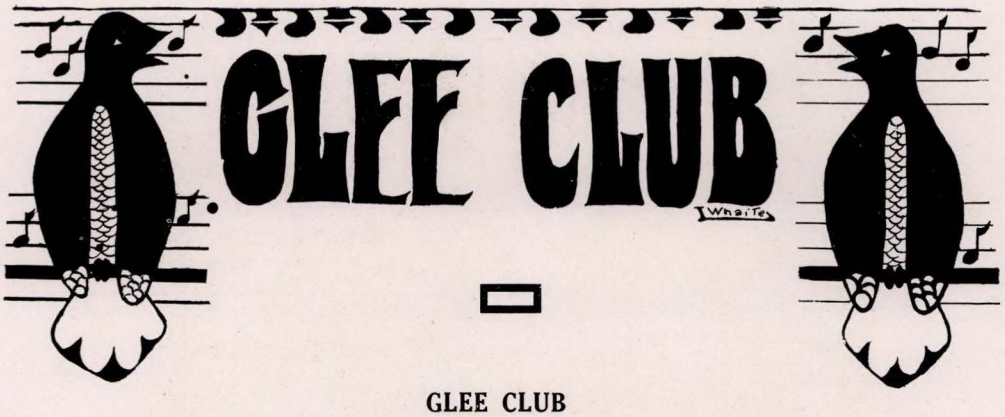
HARRIET WHITE.



GLEE CLUB

Orchestra, 1919

Orchestra, 1920



GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club again came into prominence last term, after not having been heard from for some time. All the members showed a keen interest in the work. Miss Dewey taught the class how to carry a tune, and great progress was also made in sight-reading.

The Glee Club had two numbers on the Graduation program. They received much applause and favorable comment.

If only more students will take an interest in singing and sign up for the two periods a week, perhaps the Glee Club would take a more active part in school affairs. There is no limit to the success a good, live Glee Club could attain.

HARRIET WHITE, '20.

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ORCHESTRA

Under the capable direction of Miss Dewey, the Orchestra accomplished fine work this term, despite the fact that it had so few members. It is always ready at short notice to help out at the various school functions, and adds greatly to the success of the programs.

Miss Dewey is eager to help the students and her valuable aid is appreciated by the members.

On the whole, the students have shown great interest in forming an orchestra, and all of those who could, in spite of conflicting programs, have become members.

With the continued encouragement of Colonel Murphy, and the interest of the teachers and pupils, the Orchestra should keep up its good work, and we hope to see many more students sign up for it.

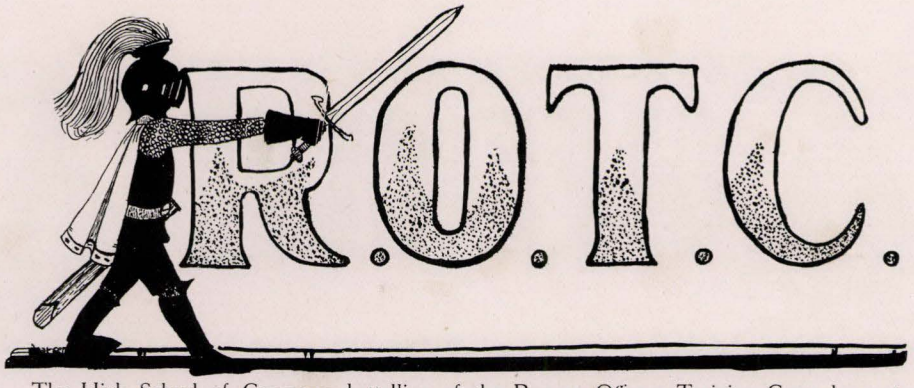
HARRIET WHITE, '20.

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CAMERA CLUB

Under the supervision of Mr. Learned, the Camera Club has progressed rapidly until its activities bid fair to rival those of any of our other clubs.

A great number of our students are amateur photographers, and these are rapidly enrolling in the club. No longer will the "snapshooters" find their pictures blurred or over-exposed. The Camera Club was organized to "further the art" and the members are rapidly becoming experts. Besides promoting good photography, the club will furnish pictures for the Annual and the Commerce Spirit. The officers of this new organization are John Wooster, President; Julius Stern, Secretary, and Evelyn Pettingel, Treasurer.



The High School of Commerce battallion of the Reserve Officers Training Corps has entered upon the second year of its career with great success. Through the efforts of Captain Overton, Major Nourse, and the sergeant instructors a thorough military organization has been founded.

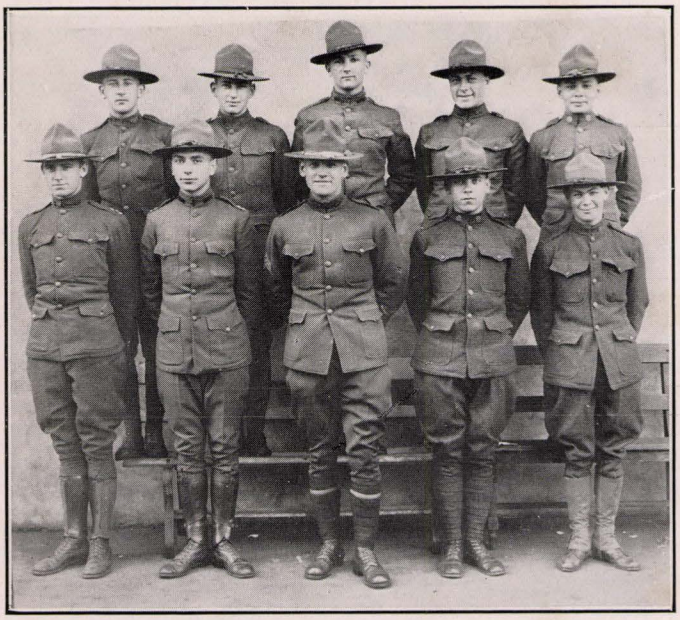
As a part of this organization training camps are held every year for six weeks of the summer vacation. Axelrod, Heringhi and Wallenberg represented Commerce at the Presidio camp in June, 1919. A number of others went for a week's encampment at Fort Barry, where they were instructed in the art of rifle-firing. Through the publicity given to the regiment by the newspapers about the camps, etc, the public is rapidly becoming aware of its existence as a separate unit.

A proof of this is shown by the fact that these embryonic officers were called upon to act as a guard of honor for President Wilson on his visit to San Francisco, and also for the King and Queen of Belgium upon their arrival. The regiment was inspected by General Pershing while he was here on his tour of inspection. His praise was exceptionally high.

On the evening of January 23, the day following the inspection, an exhibition drill followed by a dance was given in the Civic Auditorium.

Sergeant Pomeroy whipped the Commerce companies into shape in a way that was remarkable considering the length of time that he had.

Summing up, it has been a very successful year and we wish to thank Captain Overton, Major Nourse, and Sergeants Savage and Pomeroy for their efforts which have been effective to the greatest degree.



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Herenghi, Allen—Major - - Wallenberg, Harry
Ebert, Eckhart—Bat. Qm. - - Booth, Edwin
Enderlin, Albert—1st Lieut A. - Wagener, Fred
Wallenberg Harry—Capt. B. - Haywards, Raymond
Augustini, Fred—Bat. Adj. - - - Tooker, Earl
Bleadon, Sam—Capt. A. - - Augustini, Fred
Wagener, Fred—2nd Lieut. A.
Haywards, Raymond—1st Lieut. B

E. TOOKER

New Alumni

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Where are those friends who so lately filled our places in this little world of ours, who roamed these halls and studied at these desks, who made up our organizations and carried on our activities, who suffered the same sorrows and enjoyed the same pleasures, and laughed at the little jokes which go to make this existence a pleasant one?

Our friendship still binds us to the graduates and we take an interest in their comings and goings. From various sources we have learned the places of business of some of the alumni and will share our knowledge with you.

Alger McLean, one-time president of the Senior Class, is employed by Houston & Gilmore, Jewelers. He was active in school affairs and will, no doubt, make a good showing in his present position.

Alan Heringhi, another business man in the making while here, is in charge of the Stationery Department of Hale's and filling the position ably. We should expect that of him.

Fannie Friedman is with the Hockwald Chemical Co., and strangely enough, her manager is another Commerce graduate, Harold Berliner.

Charlotte Swan, is in the offices of Bass, Hueter & Co., the paint concern and we might venture to say she is as likeable as ever.

Irene Bedford, with her dimples, is attending Normal School, and seems to feel quite at home when she happens to see us.

Francis Burke, president of the Student Body in '19, is working in the shipyards across the bay, preparatory to going to college. We might mention others already attending university or intending to enter in the near future—Del Ladarre, Albert Enderlin, Ernest Lackmann, Walter Arnold, Albert Axelrod and Sam Bleadon.

Companionable Martha Paine, with her cheerful smile, is a stenographer for the American Photoplayer Company. We really envy them.

Bernice De Lano is in the employ of the Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. Bernice was always a favorite.

We find a number of familiar faces at the White House, Evelyn Badaracco, Helen Hauser, Sarah Moscovitz and Margaret Kemp.

Eckhart Ebert is with Klute & Company, Brokers and Manufacturer's Agents. He was always of great assistance around school, we remember, and we miss his helping hand.

Anna Stratta, of June, '19, is working for the Bank of Italy, and making a success of it. We are glad to hear it.

Mildred Wydler, who was an apt Spanish pupil, is now using her Spanish to great advantage, working for Gantner Mattern & Co.

George Tilden, one of our great social assets while here, is in the Drafting Department of Nathan Dohrmann Company. He is surely an asset there, too.

Edith Jacobson is now Mrs. George Preznell, having been married a short time after her graduation.

Esther Heiman is working for a jewelry company and, we hear, intends to move down the Peninsula to live.

Annie Jaffee is employed by an importing exporting company and we hope she is enjoying her work.

Both Dorothy Clark and Catherine Begley are working for the Westinghouse Electric Company in the First National Bank Building.

Alice Schaerer is at the University of California Hospital, working for Dr. Myers.

Olga Gibson is working in the offices of the Emporium where she is using an Underwood Bookkeeping machine. It should be interesting work, and we are sure Olga would be good at it.

To those graduates from whom we have not heard we say, "Best fortune and may we meet again."

ALICE KAVANAGH.

THE COMMONWEALTH CLUB

The Commonwealth Club organized at the commencement of the term by the High Three Economics Class meets the 4th period every other Friday.

The officers are:

President ..... Earl Tooker
Vice President ..... Edward Booth
Secretary ..... Angela Bellanca

This organization is connected with the Economics Class and although similar in its purpose to the Forum Club, deals with the subjects that arise in class or that deal with the topics of the day. The officers for this term are: President, Earl Brehaut; Vice-President, Pearl Medrow; Secretary, Emily Bischoff.

Miss Hawkins is the founder of this instructive club.

ALICE RISSELL, '20.





THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Interest in debating during the last two terms has been increasing rapidly. The High School of Commerce Debating Society is a member of the San Francisco Debating League. Two teams from Commerce participated in a debate with Girls High last term. In the coming interschool debate, Ernest Loesch will represent our society by debating with Lowell against Mission and Humboldt.

Of vital interest to all Commercites is the program which Mr. Alger has prepared for this term. Interclass debates between the Seniors and Juniors and between the High and Low Juniors, reading contests and declaration contests. A delightful farce will be staged for the enjoyment of the entire student body, and this will be only one of a number of plays, which the Society plans to give. Keep your eye on our Debating Society. It's alive and doing things!

MADOLIN KEEGAN, '20.

FORUM CLUB

"The meeting will now come to order." The chairman's gavel pertly touches the desk and the Forum Club is in session.

This club was established by Miss Hawkins during the spring term of 1918, and each term has witnessed its improvement. All students in the H4 Civics class are members and anticipate with pleasure its weekly meetings. The organization and affairs of our government are told to us by members of the class who have gathered information on the assigned topics. Upon the completion of the talks all the members have an opportunity to express their views.

We have exciting times during our meetings but we enjoy them and feel that we profit by them.

The officers for this term are: President, Earl Tooker; Vice-President, Alice Kavanagh; Secretary, Lily Taxiera, while the work last term was conducted by: President, Alger McLean; Vice-President, Fannie Friedman; Secretary, Charlotte Swan.

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SPANISH CLUB

Though dormant for the past two terms the activity of this club was revived this spring by students of Miss Salcido's advanced classes. The increase in numbers of Spanish-speaking students has given an impetus to the discussion of Spanish in its relation to foreign commerce. The club includes in its work, study of literature and conversation practice. Officers are: President, Albert Castle; Vice-President Pearl Medrow; Secretary-Treasurer, Maria Revilla; Assistant Secretary, Dorothy Erhart.

W. FELIX, '20.



COMMERCE SPIRIT

VOL. VII SAN FRANCISCO NO. 5



COMMERCE DAY TODAY!

ST. IGNATIUS FIELD 1:30 P. M.



PROGRAM—C
ST. IGNATIUS, Novemb
OFF
Honorary Referee
Field Judges—Mr. G. H. Learned,
Mr. C. A. Colmore, Mr. M. M.
Miss A
Faculty Representatives—Miss I. H
Tietjen, Miss R. Coll
Timers—Mr. M. A. T
Scorers—G. Chatter
Announcer—F

1. EXHIBITION DRILL by the Re
company of Selected Men from th
Major Alan Herlnght. Platoon
Enderlin: 1st Lieut. Raymond H

2. RELAY RACE—Freshmen vs.
Distance, 1,000 yards.

3. CARTRIDGE RACE—Four men
Company. Using U. S. Army

4. TUG OF WAR—Annual Fr
team.

5. SHOE RACE—Six Men from
pany. Using U. S. Army

6. THREE-LEGGED RACE—F
open to all boys of the sch

7. FRESHMAN ROOTING SEC
TION.
yells: 1 Yow-Rah, 5, 2 Locomotive
(d) Reception to class teams, 20.
Committee of Judges—Mr. Murphy, Chairman. Mrs. Amrath, Miss
Dewey, Mrs. McPherson, Mr. Tucker.

8. AMERICAN FOOTBALL—Freshmen vs. Sophomores. First Half.
Sophomore Squad—Begley, Henschon, Charles, Costa, Hall, I. Handley, yennedy, Lawless, Leonard, Mahr, Miner, ... Sullivan, J. Sullivan, Paynter. Coaches: Dean, '19, Evans, '19.
Freshman Squad—Brillian, Conlan, Deasy, Ehlert, Durand, Garventa, Lang, Lohmeyer, Neathery, McGraw, Pickel, Phun, Segni, Wilson, Wymon. Coaches: Augustiny, '20; Belasco, '20; Geyer, '20.
Officials—Referee, Sgt. J. Savage; Umpire, Walter Dean, '19; Field Judge, F. Augustiny, '20; Head Linesman, H. Evans, '19; Linesmen, Linesmen, H. Belasco, '20, K. Geyer, '20

9. Gur-r-rand, Gallopertyns, Gallumptions Exhibition of Ferocious, Fierce and Fiery RUGBY as played by those Terrible, Terrific, Tempestuous Rivals,

LOLLY AND POELL

For the Championship of the Squabble First And Last Rugby-Debating League.

Referee-in-chief, trainer, scorer, head linesman, conductor, medical attendant, bat boy, floor walker, umpire, rules committee, water carrier and time keeper: "Helegan" Axelrod, '19, Nuf Ced! Let 'er Go!

Line-up

LOLLY Deasy

THE EQUIPMENT RACE

This is only one of the many events of Commerce Day. The equipment race will be run by cadets of the Commerce Battalion and promises to give thrills and hysterics.

The race will be run in this manner—the runners will be lined up and will run ten yards and take off their bayonets and belts, run ten more yards, drop rifles, ten more yards, drop coats, run ten more yards and drop hats, at the next ten yards drop leggins, at the next ten yards take off shoes, run ten yards, turn around and run back over the same course and put on everything they dropped. The one to finish first will be the winner.

It will be lots of fun to see boys fumble around trying to put on their equipment hurriedly. Come to see this race on Commerce Day—you will be sorry if you don't.

WHAT COULD BE FUNNIER?

After we have witnessed terrible struggles for one hour on Commerce Day, we are to see a wheelbarrow race.

The participants are too be sir-footers versus the shorties, and they are to travel over the distance of 25 yards.

The losers are to pay the winners' carfare, and both teams have been training, for the past two weeks. All evidence points to an ex-

THREE-LEGGED RACE

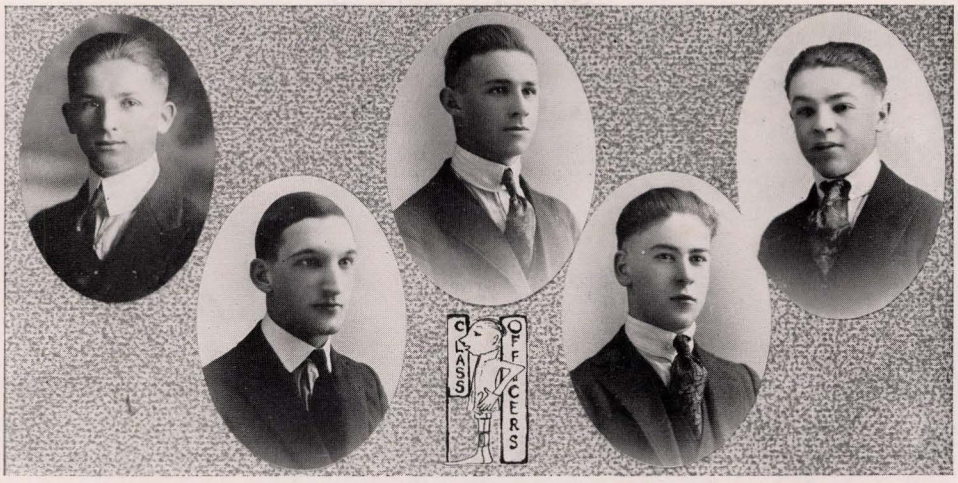
A most interesting feature of the Commerce Day Program will be a three-legged race between Sophomores and Freshmen. This event calls for a combination on each side of a series of two men, each man having one of his legs strapped to one of his partner's. Here is a chance for the Freshmen to outclass their hated rivals, by getting together such winning duos as Deasy and Wilson, and other well-mated speed burners.

The Sophomores, however, are unafraid, and boastingly point to their specimens of three-legged supremacy, Bitna Lawless, "Smiles" Belasco, and such shining lights of sportdom. With these unbeatables lined up for a 50-yd. dash under difficulties, there is promised much class, speed and laughs.

Alumni Reunion

ARMISTICE DAY RECEPTION, COMPLETE SUCCESS

On Armistice Day the Gym rang with echoes of gay laughter and happy talk, as the High School of Commerce Service Men and Alumni cemented old friendships and made new ones with the Faculty and the Seniors. Yes, it was a great day. To begin with, the Gym was wonderfully decorated in fragrant pine boughs and autumn leaves, and streamers of purple and gold hung from the electric globes. Tables set at intervals around the Gym, lending the center space clear, gave a cabaret appearance. By two o'clock every table was taken, and newcomers were constantly arriving. After a sincere welcome speech from Col. Murphy, there followed an excellent little program, each number interspersed with a dance. For the hard work of preparing and putting over this entertainment, we have to thank Miss Hawkins and Miss Helen Christianson. Two clever choruses led by Earle Tooker and Fred Wagner were the features of the program, with "Farm Hits," several songs and



A. Enderlin *W. Felix* *E. Sullivan* *T. Roberts* *L. Bacigalupi*

YELLS AND YELL LEADERS

C-O-M-M-E-R-C-E Rah! Rah! Rah!
C-O-M-M-E-R-C-E Rah! Rah! Rah!
C-O-M-M-E-R-C-E Rah! Rah! Rah!

That yell is what inspires our players! Loud and long it should ring from the sidelines at every game, and you are the one to see that it does. **You** attend all the games—and most of all—Learn the Yells.

The official yell-leaders for the fall term '19, were:

School Leader:	Fred Augustiny
Girls' Leader:	Dorothy Erhart
Senior Leader:	Earl Tooker
Junior Leader:	Fred Augustiny
Sophomore Leader:	Lawrence Hall
Freshman Leader:	Burnell Wilson

Earl Tooker was the shining light at every game this term—and he made them yell! He deserves much credit for his untiring zeal. Dorothy Erhart makes a fine girls' leader, but she doesn't get much opportunity to show her worth.

RALLIES

The Rallies! What Commercite's heart does not beat quicker when he hears there is to be a rally? And what Commercite does not love the cheering that means school spirit—the spirit of beloved Commerce?

There were not many rallies this term because of the full programs of the students. Not much time was available during school hours, so we held our rallies during the noon hour in the girls' yard. The boys held rallies in the gymnasium when the Girls' Association met in the auditorium, so they had more practice than the girls. The big rally of the term was held in the auditorium before the final game with Potter and we surely made some noise. The whole school turned out to that game which was due, no doubt, to the rally.

We ought to have more rallies. We should have one before every game we play if it can be arranged—to stir up school spirit and insure a large attendance, with each Commercite ready to yell loud and long.

A new and effective way of announcing the rallies is the boys' serpentine. This reaches practically every student and insures a successful rally.

Think about it, and boost for more rallies next term. HARRIET WHITE, '20.


Our
Talent



Francis Burke *Walter Dean*
Angela Bellanca *Milton Pyne*
Harold Belasco *Alice Rissell*
Fred Ott

Student Body Officers

1919 1920

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PRESIDENT

Francis Burke — Walter Dean

卐

VICE-PRESIDENT

Walter Dean — Milton Pyne

卐

SECRETARY

Angela Bellanca — Alice Rissell

卐

TREASURER

Sam Ladar — Fred Ott

卐

S. F. A. L. REPRESENTATIVE

Harold Belasco

Editorial

The four years that we have spent here were short years. The world rolls on and now we have to go. There's a sadness in the words "Au Revoir" when the time comes to say them. Not until we leave do we realize what it all has meant—the familiar halls, the sunny classrooms, and the friends that we have made.

Our Annual—just a mirror of the days that we have known. We shall always find it a pleasant memory in the days that are to come. How we shall need such memories when we go out into the world! The yelling we have done at our games; the joy that has come with victory, and the sorrow of defeat; the spirit of Commerce that has become a part of us—we shall profit by it.

The class of '20 will soon be gone; other classes will fill the places we have left. Though departed we shall always remain Commercites. Should some of us ever chance to forget, it is our hope that this little volume will help us to remember. The lessons that we have learned were not in vain. We who graduate will try to live up to the high standards set by our school. There will always be the lights and shadows at the parting with the friends that we have known, and though it's hard to go we have to go, with the knowledge that we shall always be the stronger and the better for the days that we have spent at our school.

AL. CASTLE.

We are emerging from a period of excitement wherein established codes have been forgotten for the time, wherein responsibilities far beyond our experience have been thrust upon us; wherein these responsibilities have led to a liberty entirely new to us, and what, we ask, cherishes the aspiration for freedom more than one taste of liberty. Consequently after such a period of struggle as that lately endured and during a reconstruction era in which we are thrust back under the old regime the one taste of freedom has made us intolerant of all reasoning.

Perhaps it is unfair that a generation rising during such strenuous times be subjected to such changes, but we must make the best of existing conditions. We are, of course, reluctant to give up our responsibilities. With them we lose that feeling of importance, and become once more just children.

These changes will be met with more or less vociferation on our part but all we plead for is leniency. Who knows but that these responsibilities and the subsequent change will make us all the more eager to assume the responsibilities of citizenship; that the one taste of freedom will overbalance whatever tendencies towards intolerance we may have had.

WALTER FELIX.

This is a serious business—life. Yes, it is a serious business, but are there any reasons why we should make this thing life one long dignified frown? Not one. The best and least used gift given us by Providence is the power to evolve a philosophy of life, not as we think, to make life better, but to make us better. For life is the best and most powerful thing in the world when we live it as it should be lived, and it should be lived according to the idea we entertain concerning it. There are few set rules in this game, and no two people play it the same. The wisdom of the Ages, the experience of the Past, is all we have to guide us, so that we learn from great lives already lived that the best living comes from Love, Faith, Hope and Service.

In Love, we may smooth the rough edges, and come into a perfect understanding of life and friendship through love.

In Faith and Hope, we may keep ever before us, clear and shining, the pure, untouched ideals that have beckoned us on like a star ever since we formed them.

In Service, we may give all and ask nothing, never forgetting that real happiness lies in the giving, in helping, joyously, mercifully, gently, always kind in our sympathy and understanding in our helpfulness.

MARION GATES.



Hazel Mikkelson *Walter Felix* *Marion Gates*

Harriet White *Dorothy Peache* *Muriel Riley* *Bernice Borkheim*

Ed Booth *Alice Rissell* *Walter Dean* *Olivia Ringham*

Lily Taxiera *Alice Kavanagh* *Dorothy Erhart* *Helen Christensen*

Earl Brehaut *Earl Tooker*



Editor—Albert Castle *Bus. Mgr.—Julia Longfellow*

Associates ..... Walter Felix, Marion Gates

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Boys' Athletics ..... E. Booth, W. Dean
Girls' Athletics ..... D. Erhart
Alumni ..... A. Kavanagh
Clubs ..... A. Rissell, H. White
Freshmen ..... C. Humphrey
Joshes ..... E. Brehaut
Juniors ..... H. Belasco
Literary ..... W. Felix
Music ..... H. White
Seniors ..... A. Rissell
Snaps ..... L. Taxiera, L. Graves, T. Roberts
Sophomores ..... H. McGrew
School Notes ..... F. Augustiny

BUSINESS MANAGER,
Julia Longfellow.

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D. Peache, M. Riley, Madeline Goldsmith, O. Ringham

Circulation Manager ..... E. Tooker
Assistant ..... Helen Christensen

ART STAFF.

Hazel Mikkelson

Dorothy Erhart
Albert Larsen
Lorna Waite
Gladys Lutz

Waves

'Tis dusk as I stroll by the seashore
And trod on the warm shifting sands,
I stoop now and then to examine
Small shells which I sift in my hands.

How great is the beauty of Nature!
How great is this gorgeous expanse!
Oh, speaking of waves—that reminds me. . . .
I'll get a permanent one for the dance.

No sound but the roar of the ocean!
No noise but the splash of the waves,
As boldly they spray o'er the rocks and
Explore in adventure the caves.

ALICE RISSELL, '20.

At the Movies

The villian still pursued her
With the hero on his track,
My, but he was brave and handsome!
And his hair was raven black.

He was young, not over thirty
And he had a noble name
Was a prince of some great country
Democratic just the same.

Soon two persons sitting near me
Who came in to see the show
Talked aloud about the actor,
All the things that they did know!

"That old herring's always playing
All those wild and woolly parts.
Gee, whiz, Bill, we left too early.
Wonder when the next show starts.

"Didja read the name they flashed then?
Prince Alfonse de Aberdeen?
Why the Moving Picture book says
His real name is Piggy Green.

"Didja know he looks like eighty
When he isn't all made up?
And he used to be a peddler?"
It was time to interrupt.

"Will you kindly stop your talking?
I'm annoyed and you're to blame."
"Gosh, you sure do get the cookie
For a long-faced crabby dame."

So I finished out the evening
Watching hero conquer strife,
But he didn't seem romantic
When I knew his private life.

ALICE RISSELL' 20.

A Contrast

"Is this the Earth? No! Why this is a place of no consequence! It is small. It can be entirely surrounded in fifteen days. My old home was so large that we could not reach its boundaries. There is no mystery or calamity here. It has no dignity whatever. Men burrow into its soil, dive into its seas, sail about its atmosphere and play upon its surface. It is not to be respected as was my old home. In those days we respected its elevations and depressions, were terrified by its seas and bound to good behavior by the eccentricities of its climate. The climate here commands no respect. You tell beforehand what is coming, and then, rear your buildings, sail your ships, and ply your trades as before. What you should do is, pray to your Gods. In our days climate was known as the expression of our Gods. Even the sun is humiliated. You mind not whether he is up or down, whether he shines or goes out but nightly turn on brilliant lights and go on with your own business. In my day we would have worshipped the Goddess Electra and the Giant Steam. You, instead, harness them and put them to work for your own use. Beware! They will avenge."

"Yes," said the modern Philosopher, "I admit all you say but, were you not the ones that claimed the sun revolved about you? You raised yourself above, we, in the tree light, put ourselves under. We revolve about the sun. Yet we honor Electra by putting her to work, because, in our code, work is a privilege and distinction claimed by all who have the power, instead, of a sacrilege and a degradation. And why should we not progress? Why should we not honor night as well as day, know our neighbors as ourselves, and do good all around our planet? We relieve starvation where there are famines. Could you do that? The earth is vastly more advanced now than ever before."

"More advanced, yes, but not cleaner and better. Show me your artists, your sculptors, your painters. Show me your buildings, read me your laws. Show me these, and you will show me a mixture of things original with people of my age. You are practical, but you have sacrificed Life's higher arts. You can boast of your instruments of war, your machinery that deprives men of their living, and your cities, that reek with the quest for gold. We could show our love of beauty, of clean sport, of our fellowmen, and of our Gods. We knew how to live."

"And," said the modern Philosopher, "we can look back upon your Empire, ruled, first by one, and then by a minority, on your traditions of slavery, on your mobs, and on your ceaseless fighting. We are living in an enlightened age where domination is passing to the hands of a majority, where Nature is studied in a true sense; and where men are not condemned to death because of the will of a few, as you were."

"You have me there," said Socrates. "Let us get on one of these aeroplanes and go to where I can get a glimpse of my old home."

SIDNEY LOEB.

Eternal Life

I did die, do not cry.
Bury me
In some nook, where the brook
Meets the Sea.

They have said, I am dead.
Is that true
Mother dear? I am here
Now with you.

Far away, children play
Midst the clouds
While below, grief you show
O'er their shrouds.

Find not me, by the sea
'Neath the sod,
Mother dear, I am here
Nearer God.

Laid away, is the clay
That you bore
But the soul's perfect,
Whole as before.

JOHN WOOSTER.
(Awarded a Prize.)

The Silent Witness

Pedro and Ramon were the best friends. The people of the village of Radusa so seldom saw them apart that they would point them out as an example of true friendship, to their own children. They had known each other from infancy, and were now inseparable companions.

Pedro was a young man of twenty-three, tall and strong, with dark, eyes, and an olive complexion. His character was as noble as his face.

Ramon was twenty-five years of age, well built, with black curly hair, and a short black mustache. Everyone believed him to possess as good a character as Pedro. One thing, however, was certain. He was fearless.

On a sultry afternoon, the two were sauntering along the dusty road which led to the village. They were just returning home from their morning's work, and were feeling very tired and warm. They had walked some distance, when they came to some large rocks lying under the shade of a large tree, and decided to sit down to rest. As they sat there, Ramon noticed that a huge snake was gliding along the rocks, and that Pedro's life was in danger.

Quickly he raised a large rock, and smashed the reptile's head with it. When they approached to examine the snake, Pedro noticed that one of the stones seemed to glisten at the spot where the other stones had scratched against it. He called Ramon's attention to this fact, and together they examined the rock and found that it contained small particles of silver.

Black thoughts crossed the mind of Ramon. His greed for wealth overcame his love for his friend, and he began to plan how he could put Pedro out of the way and become sole master of the silver.

One week passed. Every day Pedro and Ramon went to the spot where they thought their fortunes would be found. And as each day passed, Ramon's thoughts grew blacker, until he finally determined to murder Pedro. He remembered a lonely little valley where he had once been with Pedro, and suggested that they take a stroll along beneath its cool trees and bushes.

As Pedro walked along, unsuspectingly, Ramon took out a large bandana handkerchief, and with a quick movement, wound it around Pedro's neck. For a while, both were engaged in a fierce struggle; but finally Ramon threw Pedro down. As he fell, Pedro hit against a jogged rock, and broke his spine. Ramon stood watching him with a defiant sneer on his face.

While Pedro lay there dying, his face turned toward the sky, a raven flew overhead, and in his agony he gasped out in his last breath.

"A bird of ill-omen is my only witness!"

That night the villages wondered why Pedro did not come home. Ramon declared he had not seen him since early morning. A search was made, but all in vain.

Four days later Pedro's body was found by two huntsmen, who reported their discovery to the gendarmes. The gendarmes, examining the body, saw the broken spine, and believed that an accident was the cause of Pedro's death.

Seven years passed by. Ramon did not acquire the wealth he had expected, for the silver in the rock proved to be all there was to be found there.

One evening Ramon sat at the tavern drinking wine. Those who are familiar with wine know that it has the power of loosening the tongue and making it speak freely.

Suddenly a raven flew by, bringing back to Ramon's half-drunken mind, the scene of Pedro's death, and he exclaimed jubilantly:

"Ha! There goes the witness of Pedro's death."

These words were heard by the people in the tavern, who had not forgotten Pedro, and reported them to the gendarmes. So as it happened that a raven was the silent witness who brought Ramon to justice.

AGATHA OLERI, '21.

Ghosts

"Ghosts—now listen fellers, you kin say what you please, ghosts is ghosts. I remember the night when Jimmie Lack and myself went to the mill when we was kids back in old Erin and so help me God, that church—"

"What's the use of arguin' we could talk day and night and all's I say there's no ghosts—they're human imagination. Henry, you know that Jimmie Lack was always superstitious and he made you feel the same when you went that night with him."

"Let Henry finish his story, Dan, and let's judge what it might have been."

"Well, as I was sayin', Joe, the church we passed was all lit up that night and we didn't know what for. Jim was superstitious, yep, I agree on that, but he was game, too, so you know what we did—we just decided to go close to the church and see what was up—well we came on the road near the church and leadin' to it—the moon lit it up but those ruts just made walkin' slow and 'specially when it was rainin' in the day.

"Well, we were about a half a block in front of the church and a wolf began to howl. He was so near us I could scare him if he came close and of course my gun, I always carried at night. Well, the church door opened and I never saw the church lit up like that before—and you know who walks out of that church—Porter, the guy who was executed for killin' Jim's father. Those eyes of Porter's, why they just made me cold and I could see 'em the whole way he was away from us. Jim was with me—he didn't say a word—he was white like a candle—he just took his gun out like Dan would o' done if he was there and bang. You think Porter fell—he didn't—he just came after us like lightning. We both tried to run but I never stood in one place so hard, as I did that time. Porter jumped at Jim, grabbed him by the throat and y'know how he was dressed —just like a noble with buckles on his shoes, satin breeches, silk stockin's, with a powdered wig. I had to help Jim so I just hit Porter one straight on the jaw and he just turned into air—then Jim and I ran home.

"The door in the house was closed—we fainted on the steps. My dad came out, took us in and Jim got better the next day—I was sick for two days after that. Jim's dead now, God help him—but that fellow was scared to go near the church after that—but more'n that you know who was found dead off the steps of the church—they found Gardner, the janitor of the church. Jim and I were hauled up for murder. It was lucky Judge Parsons, who tried Jim for it, was superstitious, for if he wasn't he might have hanged 'im."

CHAS. PLATT, '20.

A Bubble

The dream of my life was a bubble
Though it all seemed real at first
When I reached for its golden splendor
It wavered, then trembled and burst.

The hope of my life was a dream cloud
Beneath which I loved to play
Till the winds of life bore on me
And blew my great dream cloud away.

The thought in my mind was a mirage
And glittering bright did it seem
But the nearer I got to its splendor
The further away did it gleam.

So the rest of my life I'll spend dreaming
My joys, in my mind I will take
But when with these dreams I am happy
Please, God, do not let me awake.

JOHN WOOSTER.

any more. Who wants you around here? You've been around all term and I couldn't get rid of you. That's the truth. I didn't want you around. Now leave me alone."

If this had been a novel or a motion picture or a fairy tale, Sadie would have been stunned. She would have gazed at him with dull, sunken eyes, uttering not a sound, but her eyes betraying the feelings of her heart; and if the story or picture were particularly good, she would have fainted, a boy would have revived her and as they looked into each other's eyes, each would have felt that he was made for the other and so another romance would have started where the other one had been finished. But this was life and as soon as he finished, Sadie, with a sneer, said:

"Oh, is that so!"

She then continued upstairs, her head held high, her face set. Perhaps, she did feel the same as the heart-broken heroine. Who can tell? He was satisfied with himself; he had done a good day's work.

It was something like ten years later that I saw an old classmate of mine. After we had exchanged bits of news and told each other how fine we were looking. and lied to each other as to the money we were making, I came to the inevitable.

"And have you heard of Sadie Breit?"

"Oh, yes. She's been married three years to some fellow who owns a grocery store. Sadie wasn't pretty at school, but now she is beautiful. Yep, marriage does bring them down."

"Did you hear anything of———————— (he)?"

"All I know is that he has gone to South America. Couldn't tell you any more of him. Particularly interested?"

"Oh, no, just wanted to know. Well, I'll be going. Glad to have met you again."

So such was the finish of Sadie Breit. She could not get what she wanted, so she took what she could get. She had neglected her hope, her intelligence, for a thing not worth a tenth of it. But can we blame her? Was she not human, as you and I?

MORRIS EMANUEL, '20.
(Awarded a Prize.)

A Mirror's Soliloquy

"I'm sure there's no other contrivance
Been made by the wisdom of man,
That equals me so in importance,
Since the seventeenth century began.

"Yes, many a pet superstition
Concerning the length of my life,
Has been carried for ages and ages.
To break me, meant trouble and strife.

"Around me the novelist centers
His plot or his mystery solution.
I know very well, one can find me
In any first class institution.

"In palace or cottage, you'll see me
Put up in conspicuous places,
For rich and the poor's satisfaction
At glancing at their own good faces.

"If one should examine me closely
And see of what I'm composed—
I doubt if he'd ever imagine
His secrets I may have exposed.

"I have come to this truthful conclusion,
From my corner just over the shelf,
One can judge anybody's true character
By the way he looks at himself!

"I'm only a mirror who's speaking
From these comments I just can't refrain
I'll close now by saying very frankly
Most people are awfully vain!"

ALICE RISSELL, '20.

(Sadie had not taken history the first year and so was a Low 1 in it?) He had to pay her back some way; and so to him it assumed a commercial aspect. She helped him in his studies and he danced with her. All he needed now was a receipt reading:

I, Sadie Breit, have received on this date from————————(He) four dances in full payment of my help to him in history homework for Tuesday.

SADIE BREIT.

But while the dances seemed to him something that had to be done and the quicker he began the quicker he would finish, to Sadie they seemed the keys to the portals of heaven. She was overjoyed; she was radiantly happy; she had a smile for everyone, and she neglected her studies. Those were happy days for Sadie Breit. But if someone had told her of the real feelings of her gallant, perhaps she would not have laughed so long or so loud, but why take away the only real pleasure she ever had or would have. Let her drink of the cup of joy; it would not be long before the cup of sorrow would be forced to her lips.

And so the days ran, days when Sadie studied her history only for the sake of her freshman, days when all other studies would be neglected, days that brought smiles to Sadie's face and failures to her card. There were times when days, even weeks, slipped by and Sadie forgot her diligent inactivity or suffered herself to be fooled into doing some housework.

Meanwhile how did he feel? He was becoming irritated and angry. He did not need her help in history now. The end of the term was near and his mark, a passing mark, settled. Why should he bother with her any longer, not that it was a great bother, those few chats and few dances, but why should he even take that trouble?

It happened at the Jinks.

A Jinks at the school we attended was a sign of fun and joy, of dancing and of feasting. There were no recitations on Jinks Day. The school was practically closed; the auditorium was cleared of chairs and tables and the floor was waxed—everything was made ready for the Grand March which would start the dancing, the last on the program for the day. Tables were set in the gymnasium which was profusely decorated with flowers and the school colors of green and gold; the "eats," which consisted mainly of pies, cakes, sandwiches and punch, had already been placed on the tables; there were side-shows in the stadium; there was everything that could attract the forbearing freshman, the saucy sophomore, the self-conscious junior, the "I-am-a" senior, and the complaisant teacher; all was ready for the big day.

It was a practice at the school, that after the "eats" were eaten and the pleasures of the side-shows exhausted and all was ready for the Grand March, the students were paired off, that is until the boys gave out, for there was a preponderance of girls at our school. There was a big rush up to the auditorium and, as I was fighting my way up the stairs, I saw Sadie Breit next to him. She expected him to take her as his partner for the Grand March and he knew it and it incensed him. He had his eyes on another girl and "what right did Sadie have to thrust herself upon him?" Working himself up like this, his anger increased and then he blurted out:

"You're always hanging around! What do you think I am, your husband? I just danced with you because you helped me in my homework, but I'm not going to do so

"Even as You and I"

No, the case of Sadie Breit was not like the case of the Ugly Duckling, far from it. Her future, in a sense of facial beauty, held no promise. It did not beckon; it lay cold before her.

"Oh, she isn't pretty now, and she's rather frail, but just wait till she gets older. Won't she stun 'em then? Even now you can see it coming." Such words could not be said of Sadie Breit. Her case was different, like yours or mine. She wasn't frail by any means, no, not Sadie. Her brother and sister can bear me out on that. She wasn't pretty either and, moreover, the "looks" she was born with, raised with, and with which she was always acquainted, gave promise of always staying with her.

I don't want to imply that Sadie Breit was conspicuously ugly; not at all, she was not pretty, that's all. Her appearance was like that of the average, like yours and mine. I am not holding Sadie Breit up before the public gaze either as the Goddess of Beauty or the Goddess of All that Is Good. Sadie Breit was sometimes very grouchy and her ways were sometimes very irritating; she did not make the acquaintance of all the Virtues (have you and I?); she was sometimes exceedingly and diligently inactive, again as you and I; her mother was living and able and did all the housework and Sadie did nothing, as you and I. No, Sadie Breit was not the Goddess of All That Is Good, Sadie Breit was human.

Sadie did not have the appearance, she did not have the money, she did not have the vivacity or the audacity, that we sometimes like to see in a girl, but she did have brains. Two things characterized Sadie—her lack of a pretty face, which was nothing, and her abundance of intelligence, which was something. Then one would say, reasoning along sensible lines, that a balance was in Sadie's favor. Perhaps it was, but Sadie did not think so, no, not she. Having intelligence, she did not care for it. Not having facial prettiness, she wanted it. Undervaluing intelligence, she lost its benefits. Pursuing beauty she never gained it.

Poor Sadie Breit.

He came, she saw, he conquered: He came to school where Sadie and I were classmates. She saw him, the handsome, innocent freshman boy—he conquered my classmate, Sadie Breit. It was not a mutual conquering, he conquered Sadie Breit (what if he was a freshman?); Sadie Breit did not conquer him, for he was not susceptible.

He (I'll call him "he." What more do you wish to know?) liked to talk to Sadie. Who did not? Sadie was the kind of girl to whom a boy likes to talk in a classroom. She could talk history or mathematics or school politics; she was not the kind of girl with whom he wishes to dance. Sadie knew it and it hurt her, but as long as she did not meet "the one" she did not thrust herself on the boys, socially. But now she was on a man-hunt and Sadie was going, as she told me, "to toe the mark." She succeeded in toeing the mark, but there the succeeding part of the affair came to an end.

Of course he danced with her—he danced with her because there was nothing else to do. When a girl insists on staying near you and talking to you, never letting you go out of her sight, what is a fellow to do? Besides didn't she help him in his history?

It was a great sight to see the blond haired youth, with his head-guard hanging on one ear and his jersey ripped in the back, elude one after another of the Jackson tacklers and speed down the field. But the man carrying the ball loses speed, and slowly a blue jersey gained on him. At last the blue jersey shot out, grasped the red legs, and John Quincy Adams collapsed in a heap, just one white line away from the goal.

The teams jumped into place quickly, and Crawford, carrying the ball on the next play, took it over the line. The game was tied.

Shadows were descending on the field as John Quincy Adams carefully held the ball and adjusted it at the proper angle for the kick. Truck Mills kicked slowly. And then the whistle blew.

North End went into frenzy, caps, banners, megaphones, yes, even shoes were flung into the air. For Mills' kick had been true and North End were victorious by the slim margin of one point.

John Quincy Adams was gathered up in the mob that surged out on the field. Breaking loose he dashed for the showers, and bumped into—

"Oh," said Millicent Bennett, "I wanted to see you."

John Quincy Adams rubbed his eyes. "Huh?" he said feebly.

"I—that is we're giving a party tomorrow night, and I'd like you to come. I meant to ask you before."

Suddenly John Quincy Adams felt ill at ease. His eye was fast closing, and he positively didn't know where to put his hands.

"I'll come," he said, hurriedly looking about for escape.

"And if you're not doing anything this evening, perhaps you'd like to come over and help decorate."

John Quincy Adams surveyed himself ruefully, and felt of his nose. "I look like a tramp," he said slowly, "but I'll be there with bells on."

And then Coach Foster's massive frame loomed up in front of John Quincy Adams.

"I wonder," said that worthy to himself, "if he'll give me—"

But he didn't.

ALBERT CASTLE.

Just Happy

(Awarded a Prize)

There's a fine big earth to live on, with pretty things to see,
It's just the place for happiness, yet it appears to me
That folks don't seem to 'preciate some things the way they could—
They kind of look at things "wrongside," not "rightside" as they should.

How can a human bein'—countrybred or raised in town—
Keep a goin' wearin' daily, just one long contin'al frown?
What's the matter with these people? Can't they lose their grouch a bit?
Can't they smile today—tomorrer—'till they just lose *all* of it?

Some just can't a keep from smilin' or a keep from feelin' gay
'Cause they're glad to be a livin'—workin' on from day to day.
When they hear the birds a singin'—watch the plants a growin' new,
Feel the warm and comfy sunshine—then they're glad with Nature too.

So you folks, who're always grumblin'—don't you know it ain't no sin,
To open up your mouth with laughter, pleasant words, or even grin?
Though you may have had your grouches almost from your time of birth,
Lose 'em somehow. Smile, be happy! Let God know you like His earth.

ALICE RISSELL, '20.

gathered the ball up and was off down the field. At midfield he was tackled, but it was North End's ball and the touchdown had been prevented.

The game seemed to favor Jackson. Their line was stronger, and their backs were heavier. John Quincy Adams, playing left half, found the "big game" rather worse than the scrimmages with the scrubs. Already he could feel a swelling on his eye which bothered considerably.

A few minutes before half time, Jackson went over for the first try, but failed to kick the goal. The half ended with the score 6-0, and a weary buch of North Enders dragged themselves over to the North End side of the field. Quincy Adams was the most weary of the bunch, and he knew he had a black eye.

The second half began in much the same manner as the first. North End failed to make a down and kicked. And then began the Jackson march once more. But they did not go far, for the North End line began to fight desperately and held. John Quincy Adams, however, got mixed up in the middle of a scrimmage, and when he woke up, he was on the side-lines and Merrit was playing left half.

"Wha's s'matter," groaned John Quincy, "lemme carry the ball."

"You're all right, Adams," said Coach Foster, "just lie down and rest a while, you're through for the day." And then John Quincy Adams realized that he had been knocked out and the game was over as far as he was concerned. He gazed blankly at the North End rooting section in front of him, and then discovered that in his hand he held a crimson colored sponge. Oh, yes, his nose was bleeding, he didn't know that.

North End drove to within ten yards of Jackson's goal and then failed to make their yards. Jackson took the ball, and began to push their way out of danger. Time and again they make their down and carried the ball down the field once more.

And John Quincy Adams on the side lines was forced to watch all of this. The North End rooting section was still. "Quiters," thought John Quincy as he looked at them and rubbed his sore nose.

Someone saw John Quincy at that moment and smiled at him. And Mrs. Adams' son found his mind again. She had smiled at him. Two jumps took him over to the Coach.

"Put me in, will you?" he asked, "I'm all right now."

Foster looked at him. "I should say not," he answered.

So John Quincy Adams went back to the sidelines and moped. Little by little Jackson was approaching the white line that meant another touchdown. At last John Quincy could stand it no longer. He ran out on the field.

Coach Foster stared at him in astonishment and then did some rapid thinking. He let Adams go.

"Substitute for left half," reported John Quincy Adams, to the referee, not daring to look back at the North End side. Merrit limped slowly off the field.

Jackson was only five yards from the goal line.

"Let's hold 'em guys," shrilled John Quincy, "Come on, stop these bums, we can win yet. Ten minutes to go!"

But John Quincy Adams knew that in four minutes the whistle would blow and the game would be over. North End team did not know this, however, and seized the fact that they still had a chance to win. The line held, and once more a touchdown was averted.

North End took the ball on their two yard line. Langford tried a run around the left end, and got away clear. Forty yards he made and North End was out of danger.

Then John Quincy heard the signal for the criss cross, with himself carrying the ball. Mechanically he ran back, felt something jabbed into his chest, and then dashed off madly.

"Rats," interrupted Tom, "it'll do you good to lose some fat."

John Quincy Adams refused to comment further.

During the course of the afternoon, chance took John Quincy down the line by the wire fence, and placed him next to Millicent Bennett.

In her enthusiasm she began to converse with everyone. "I'm crazy about football," she had remarked to John.

"Is that so? I—I—er—I'm going to try out for the team myself tomorrow," he announced. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. But she did look at him a trifle differently.

Football practice that fall was a long, hard grind, but there was Millicent Bennett faithfully watching each day's practice from behind the wire fence. Though she did not look at him, still John Quincy felt conscious of her presence and the fact spurred him on.

A month's time saw him playing left half on the second squad. Seven times a minute John Quincy Adams would find himself sprawling on the ground, and seven times again would he have to pick his weary body up. Life was no longer the affair that it once had been.

Off the gridiron, John was still the same fashion plate, fond of gazing at himself in store windows. He was still the "Matinee Idol," though a little more respected now.

Then came the day when Tow Wiley broke his ankle during a mixup and left a vacancy at left half.

"Try left half, Adams," ordered Coach Foster, and that youth hurried over to the line and took his place, glad at last that he was rid of the scrubs.

At last the practice games were over, and only the big game with Jackson remained. North End had gone through a successful season, losing one game only, and that to the Freshman Eleven of the State College. But that is where the rub comes in. Jackson High, with an unusually strong eleven had won every game it had played, even conquering the team that had beaten North End. So the big game promised to be a real fight, and by no means the slaughter that had been expected.

And then the great day arrived. John Quincy Adams, as immaculately attired as ever, appeared at school with a brilliant tie that nearly created a furore. However, he had changed. He was tanner than before, and more filled out, but still the "Matinee Idol."

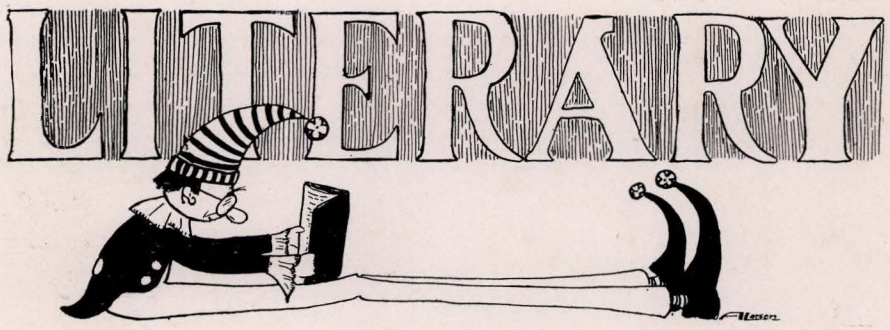
"You can't cure that guy of coming to school all dolled up," remarked Truck Mills, and that was the nearest thing to the truth.

The recitations that day were weary affairs to John Quincy Adams, to Millicent Bennett, to Truck Mills, and to the other 997 odd members of the North End Students' Association. But a little relief was gained by the fact that they were cut short and school was dismissed at two o'clock to let everybody be present at the "big game."

It is needless to say that the stands adorning both sides of Jackson field were filled to capacity. Jackson's blue and gold predominated one side of the field, while the other was a riot of crimson. Delirium broke out on one side when Jackson's blue clad warriors appeared, while pandemonium reigned when the boys in red stepped on the field.

An anxious five minutes and then the referee's whistle shrilled.

Jackson received the kickoff and downed the ball on their thirty yard line. From then on it was a triumphant march to North End's goal line. Three yards away, a line buck was tried and then someone spilled the ball. Tilly Langford, North End right half



The Matinee Idol Gets Mussed

John Quincy Adams strolled leisurely past Baum's Candy store, pausing to glance sideways in the crystal brightness of its polished windows and to adjust his rainbow-hued neckwear, as he gazed at his reflection. John Quincy's brow wrinkled, and then he smiled his approval of the trim figure that looked back at him, and counterfeited his every move. He never failed to repeat the turning and looking except at Gomelli's Vegetable store. He had glanced in there one day but unlike the others it did not shine resplendent. It was dusty and the reflection it had given had horrified John Quincy. His new drawn-in waist-line had looked ill-fitting and spotted, while his six dollar hat had appeared shabby. So, of course, he avoided that window in his observation of himself.

John Quincy Adams, a senior at North End High School, was styled the "Matinee Idol," for in his seventeen and a half years he had just reached the stage where youths gaze out of the corners of their eyes to see if anyone of the opposite sex is admiring them. And there was one direction above all, that John Quincy was in the habit of looking.

Her name was Bennett, given name, Millicent. She was good to look at, fresh in the bloom of her seventeen years, and John frequently rested his eyes upon her profile. But she seldom looked at him, and only on rare occasions spoke to him. She had smiled at the immaculate care with which John dressed; he had mistaken that smile—and—after a short conversation, regarding the next day's History lesson, John had asked if he might call that evening. The look that greeted him was sufficiently restraining to inform him that he was not wanted, and it is doubtful whether his ears ever heard the mumbled excuse she gave. But now to our story.

North End High School was making preparations for the new football team. An unexpected quantity of promising material had appeared, and indications pointed to the complete rout of Jackson High, when that school hooked up with the North Enders in the "big game."

A large portion of the school attended the opening practice to look over the young hopefuls that promised so much. Among those behind the wire was our John Quincy Adams, who interestedly watched Shorty Roberts, last year's quarterback, falling on the ball, or Truck Mills, the giant fullback, booting the oval lazily to corners of the field. Presently he was joined by Bruce Gordon, and Tom Wiley.

"The bunch looks good," observed Gordon cheerily.

"Fair enough," remarked John Quincy.

"I'm going out for the team tomorrow," said Tom, "why don't you try?

"Me?" asked John Quincy, surprisedly, "I guess not. It's all right in a way, but you've got to practice all year and—"


'23



On the day the Freshmen Class held its first meeting, excitement and anticipation pervaded the atmosphere. Whispers of what was going to happen were heard everywhere. Things did begin to happen, the election of Class Officers being the first. Bacigalupi was elected President of the Freshmen Class of '23. Gerald McGuire, Vice-President; Hymmie Glas, Secretary and Treasurer.

Each Freshmen Class then elected its own room officers, who are under the supervision of President Bacigalupi. These class officers stimulate interest among the Freshmen in regard to participating in the various school activities.

The first few weeks of school passed, and then came the Freshmen Reception. It was given in honor of the Freshmen, and the hard work of the Seniors in arranging an appropriate program for the occasion, showed their welcome to the Freshmen in a way beyond words. The program consisted of selections from the jazz band, recitations, songs, solos and dances rendered by the upper-classmen. The reception was followed by an informal dance, and it was evident that both the Seniors and Freshmen enjoyed it thoroughly. It was a day that will never be forgotten by the Freshmen, who all agree that the reception was a success and wish to extend their thanks to the Seniors.

When Mr. Prinz talked to the boys about athletics, their school spirit was immediately aroused. Some signed up for indoor baseball, others basketball and track, but the subject of football interested them most.

The Freshmen girls are taking a part in school activities. Tennis, swimming, baseball and basketball, are some of the sports in which they may participate.

Freshmen names are evident on the R. O. T. C. roll and the orchestra and glee club number a few talented members of the class.

C. E. HUMPHREY '23.





The Fall Class of 1919 was organized under the supervision of Mr. Alger, and elected as its officers:

E. Lawless	President
M. Chance	Secretary-Treasurer
L. Hall	Yell Leader
A. Peterson	Spirit Representative

After a successful term the Sophomore Class of 1919, has entered the Junior Field where they are showing the same spirit, as shown when Sophomores, the sort of spirit that will put our School in front.

The Spring term opened for the Sophs with the resolution to follow the example set by their elders, the Soph class of 1919 and the Juniors of today.

At the first meeting, the officers elected were:

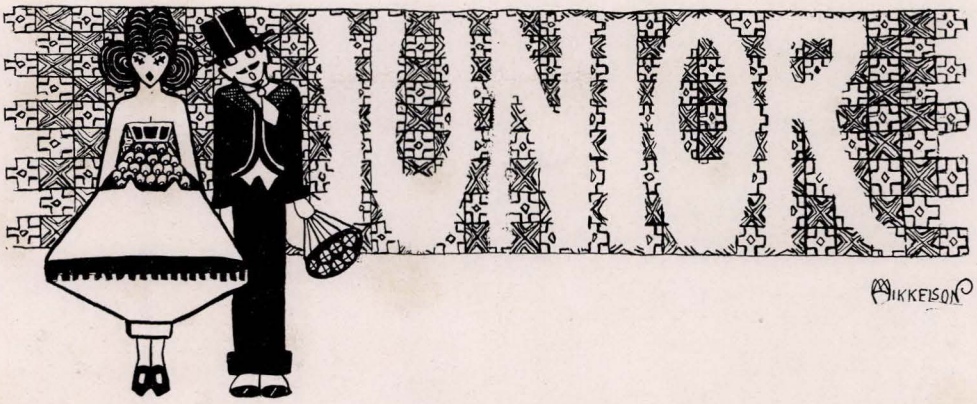
Tom Roberts	President
L. Hall	Vice-Pres. and Yell Leader
Florence Cook	Secretary-Treasurer

The class has large representation on the staffs of the Spirit and Journal, and every event finds Sophs helping to make it a success.

Our Athletic representation boasts of such stars as, Costa, Adams, Miner, Callahan, Conlon and Devincenzi, whose tireless efforts have brought many honors to our school in the past and will continue to do so in the future. We may expect great results from the Sophomore class.

HOMER McGREW.


19
21



The Junior class is a wonderful compound of four elements, namely: Room Sixteen with, Mrs. Palmer as its guiding angel; Room Nineteen, with Mr. Hardy as commander-in-chief; Room Twenty-Three, with Miss Cullen as its steadying hand, and Room Fifty-Two, with Mr. Learned at its head.

In these three rooms reside most of the brains, part of the athletic representation and the Juniorettes possess a good share of the beauty of the High School of Commerce.

A new literary genius has sprung to light in our midst, in the person of the Junior "Irving Cobb," Morris Emanuel. Another great talent is Thomas Swan, whose edition of the "Spirit" was one of the best yet.

Our athletes have shown up well this year. Smith and Sullivan played on the unlimited basketball team, and Ott, Perasso, Lawless and Belasco played on the championship 145 lb. team. Perasso, Lawless, Sullivan, Hayashi and Belasco are trying hard for the baseball nine. And you should see the Junior girls' baseball team, all the class in the world. Charles is our swimmer, taking two first places in the last meet.

The Junior officers-elect are: E. Sullivan, President; Dorothy Peache, Vice-President; H. Belasco, Secretary; Bailey, Yell Leader. These students will guide us through our Junior year.

Junior days, we are soon to leave you, as duty bids us presently take up the burdens of Seniors, a responsibility keener than we have yet felt; yes, these pleasant days will soon be memories, mellowed by time, bringing a tinge of regret at leaving; a faint, fond smile at recollection.

But, Junior days, you will be with us forever, as our memories can ne'er grow dim.

HAROLD BELASCO, '21.


1920

Low Seniors

Presto! Change! The butterfly has emerged from the cocoon stage into all its glory and like it, we who were once Juniors have developed into Low Seniors—it took us but one day to leave our shell and don our gay wings, for no vacation marked the separation of the fall and spring term. One afternoon we went home Juniors, we returned the next day, Seniors—but enough for our transition; 'tis our achievements one would know.

After we were comfortably settled in our respective seats in Room 18 (the wise reserving theirs a month in advance); after we had arranged our desks in scrupulous order; after our programs had been arranged with the assistance of our teacher and advisor, Miss G. Hawkins who made this dreaded task far easier; after the daily routine was once more established, we began to make ourselves known, then we began to act.

We elected the following officers: President, Milton Pyne; Vice-President, Edwin Booth; Secretary, Hannah Applegate; Representative, Korbinian Geyer.

We have co-operated with the High Seniors and because of the harmony which exists between these two classes we have been able to accomplish much. Our first duty and pleasure was to prepare for the Freshman reception which was given in good style, followed by a dance in the gym. We felt repaid when we heard the praise of the Freshmen.

Who will ever forget the Senior Hard Times day when all the Senior lassies appeared in their "a la kitchen" frocks and tried to outdo one another in the size and color of their patches? We mus'na' forget the laddies who proved a "man's a man for a' that" even if he does wear old clothes and corduroys.

"The youth who attains seniorship will make himself known," so say the sooth-sayers. Sam Ladar, Captain of the 145's coached his team and led them on to victory. Charles Haley, new to Commerce, has made good as forward on the unlimited. Then there's Peanuts Pyne, similing captain of the 110's who caused such a disturbance among the girls St. Patrick's Day with his green carnation. Slats Geyer, Fred Augustiny and Harry Wallenberg are our football stars and nearly every boy in Room 18 appeared weekly in the uniform of the R. O. T. C.

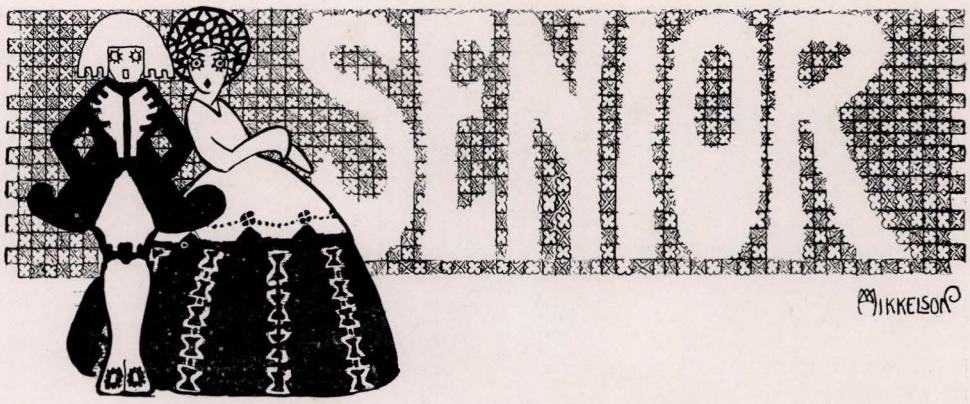
The girls represent the Low Seniors in every line of school activity. Hannah Applegate is our athletic girl. We are proud of our prima donna, Alice Goodmurphy. We smile at Ruth Armstrong's cartoons and admire the works of art from Lorna Waite, Helen Liebman and Gladys Lutz. Alice Rissell is our representative in Journalism.

When the time comes for us to take the place of the High Seniors we shall endeavor to encourage and keep alive that wonderful class and spirit which is one of the main characteristics of the graduating class.

ALICE RISSELL, '20.

Senior Pot-Pourri, by Scheherazade

Name	Nickname	Hobby	Favorite Saying	Characteristic	Destiny
Alice Kavanagh	Aloysis P. K.	Tripping the light fantas	Well, you make me tired	Hair	Ballet dancer
Lily Taxiera	Susie	Roller skating	Rawther	Diminutiveness	Suffragette
Dorothy Erhart	Red	The twins	You win the——	Manly stride	Nun
Alice Boergershausen	Al	Kidding Peanuts	Oh, Gee!	Next to Fedora	Opera singer
Esther Price	Polly	Sweetie	What did you call me	Quietness	Orator
Emily Bischoff	Eats	Pie	Oh, Esther	Reading temperatures	Cook
Pearl Meadrow	Shorty	Flirting	D'ya know your Civics	Lengthy	Ingenue
Virginia Kelly	Goo	Woolworth Jewelry	I want one of them	Eating	Teacher
Adah Turner	Ade	Civics	I'll say so	Painting	Mrs. Fred
Hazel Mikkelson	Micky	Cubistic art	Oh-ah	Curls	Cubist
Lillian Moeller	Lil	Palace	Marvelous	Gift of gab	Snake charmer
Lucille Anderson	Lou	Reducing	Oh, Kiddo	Good nature	Minister's wife
Julia Longfellow	Juju	Adds	S'all beefsteak	Cherubic face	Tragedian
Sara Davis	Sadie	Debating	Well-a	Loftiness	Chorus girl
Charlotte Thiele	Charley	Her brother	Behave yoself	Falsetto voice	Aeronaut
Myrtle Gross	Myrt	Pencils, pens	"Click"	Smile	Vamp
Helen Christensen	Towhead	Journal tickets	You know that	Deep silence	Policewoman
Bernice Borkheim	Bern	Curling iron	Oh, Mamma	Marcel	Barberess
Madolin Keegan	Fedora	Dinah	I did not	Furs	Mrs. Dinah
Babette Boldschmidt	Betta	Slang	Umh, Cee	Toughness	French actress
Harriet White	Harry	Snappy Stories	Gwell	Rubber heels	Waitress
Helen Turner	Petite	Physics	Coffee	Sweetness	Artist
Marion Gates	Scheherazade	Fifi	Got any cents	Day-dreaming	Someone's beloved
Armand Vialatte	Frenchy	Butchering	Meeting today	Meat axe	Vegetarian
Ernest Loesch	Lulu	Cutting	My Ford will be done—	Shyness	Baker
Charles Platt	Chawlie	Gathering shekels	U-nee-vair-see-tee of, etc.	Debating	Bolshevik
Clarence Olsson	Sweetie	Polly	How do yuh get that way	To be or not to be	Ted Shawn II
Walter Felix	Fifi	Scheherazade	Read 'em and aggravate yourself	Part in the middle	Minister
Edwin Litsinger	Kabibble	Clutching Hand	Aw shut up	Snake eyes	Paderewski
Earle Brehaut	Ty Cobb	Capital Punishment	S'pose I killed your sister	Waltzing	Slicker
Walter Dean	Dinah	Fedora	That's a card	Ties that stay tied	Giant
Albert Castle	Al	Spanish	Look out, will ya	Essex	Editor S. F. Daily News
Earle Tooker	Took	Trigonometry	Aw, no	Alpha plus Beta	Professor Tooker



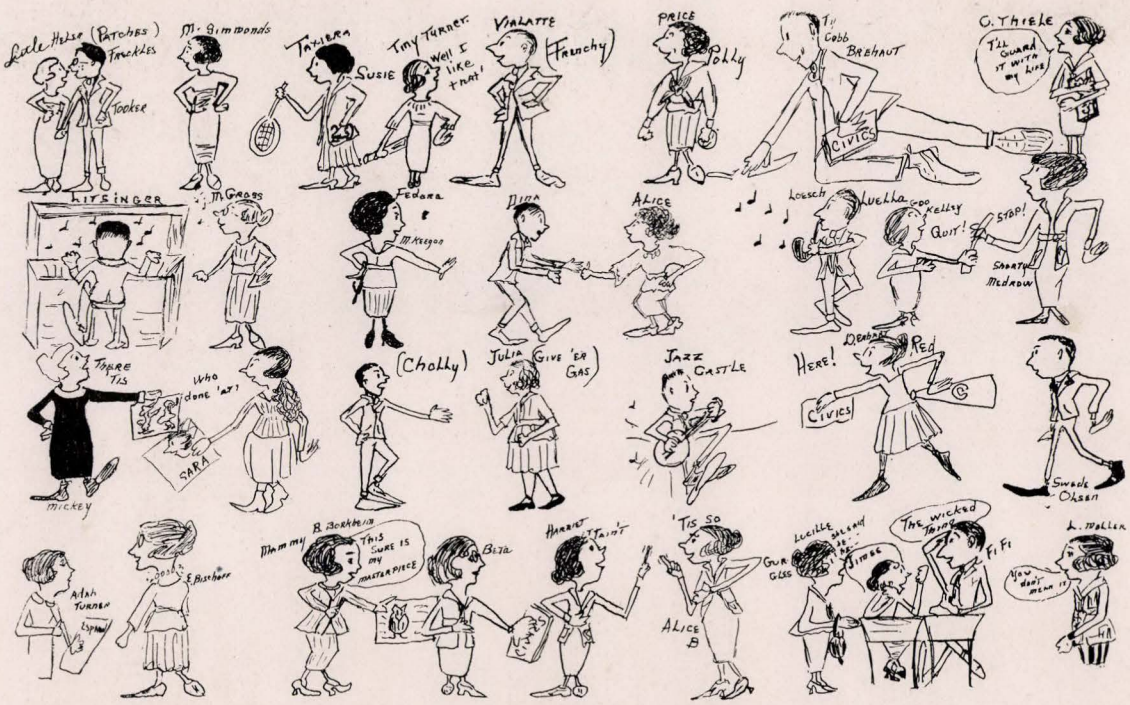
June, 1920

During our three years of school life, our ideal was to be Seniors—the responsibilities incurred being only vaguely thought of—the privileges attracting us like moths to the flame. But when we filled the coveted seats, our responsibilities toward our school were the larger life into which our puerile ideals entered. We are a motley collection, perhaps partly good, perhaps partly not; we are human, and we hope you will remember us.

Vialatte pilots us through our meetings; Helen Christensen always hopes he'll stay home so she can do so, while Tooker calmly approaches us, argues, and we apologize for forgetting our dues. Alice Kavanaugh and "Fedora" Keegan shake the light fantastic, the latter except at meetings where she pushes the recording pen. Dean alternates as "Fedora's" partner and Student Body President. He excels at both. To expedite our devotees of Terpsichore, our exponents of Jazz, Loesch and his "long pipe," Litsinger and his persuasive fingers, and Castle, our editor who plays the drum with the wire strings across, perform at our dances, jinxes, etc. And you'll say it must be mean music when it tempts Babbette Goldschmidt, and Myrtle Gross and Harriet White out on the floor. Lillian Moller, Bernice Borkheim and Lucille Anderson get to school on time every morning they come, and wear elaborate coiffures—say, the people who named their hair waves after Marcel never saw either of them. Speaking of getting here on time, did you ever see Gladys Daggett asking Harriet Riesner for a late pass? Helen Turner always thinks she's Adah and Adah Turner always thinks she's Helen or maybe they're sleepy. "Goo" Kelly always raves about her menagerie of young Freshmen. They can dance already. Charlotte Thiele, Myrtle Simmonds and Sara Davis work hard, they're three and a half year students, but they still find time for fun. Esther Price and Emily Bischoff are nurses and typists, ready to lend an assisting hand at all times. In Girls' Sports, Lilly Taxiera plays tennis and baseball while "Dot" Erhart with her manly stride and "Weak" voice are in evidence. "Ty Cobb" Brehaut and Sweetie Olsson occupy similar positions in the Boys' Department. Julia Longfellow enters a business office, looks faint, and the boss gives her a ten dollar ad to get her off the premises, but she gets them just the same and made this book a possibility. Hazel Mikkelson's pictures adorn these pages which we hope you'll enjoy, and Alice Boergershausen types cut our resolutions when it behooves us to behave. Charlee Platt tells us that the Government should have compulsory insurance in a voice that scares us. Marion Gates suddenly decided that being ornamental involved less energy than being learned so changed accordingly which change being commented upon in red ink, was exchanged. And me? oh the things I do would involve too much valuable space.

WALTER FELIX, '20.


1920
TWO RAGAMUFFINS



"AS WE SEE ONE ANOTHER"

—Dorothy Erhart

ESTHER PRICE

War Stamp Com. '18; Jun. Baseball Rep. '19; Senior Jinx '19; Wel. Com. '19, '20; Sec. of Welfare Com. '20; Span. Club '19; Forum Club '20; Student Body.

MYRTLE SIMMONDS

Forum Club; Com. Club; Student Body.

LILY TAXIERA

Fresh Com. '17; Basketball Team '18; Fresh Com. '19; Jun. Baseball '19; Com. Club '19; Vice Pres. Girls Assoc. '19; Span. Club '19; Armistice Day Com. '19; Debate Society '19; Sen. Baseball '20; Jour. Staff. '20; Ath. Mgr. '19, '20; Sec. Forum Club '20; Tennis Assoc. '20; Treas. Sen. Class.

CHARLOTTE THIELE

Baseball Team '19, '20.

EARL TOOKER—Treasurer

Pit. Rep. '17; Pres. Soph. Class, '18; Treas. Jun. Class '18; Cadets '18, '19; Pres. Com. Club '19; Ex. Board '19, '20; "Open House" Com. '19; Fresh. Rec. '19; Sen. Jinx '19; 1st Sgt. R. O. T. C. '19; Treas. Sen. Class '20; Pres. Forum Club '20; Student Body; Jour. Staff '20; 1st Lieut. R. O. T. C. '20.

HELEN TURNER

Jour. Rep. '18; Vice Pres. Deb. Soc. '20; Span. Club '18, '19, '20; Forum Club '20; Student Body; Fresh. Rec. '19; Candy Sale '18.

ADAH TURNER

Pres. Soph Class '18; Sal. Rep. '18; Candy Sale '19; Com. Club '19; Deb. Soc. '19, '20; Forum Club '20; Span. Club '20.

ARMAND S. VIALATTE—President

Pres. Sen. Class '20; Pres. Low Sen. '19; Basketball, 120 lb. '19; Capt. 130 lb. '20; Jour. Staff '19; Track Team '17, '18, '19, '20; Swim. Team '19, '20; Exec. Board '19, '20; Com. Club '19; Forum Club '19; R. O. T. C. '18; 2nd Lieut. R. O. T. C. '19, '20; Red Cross Sal. Com. '18, '19; Fresh. Rec. '19; French Club '19.

HARRIET WHITE

Spirit Rep. '17; welfare Com. '19; Glee Club '19; Forum Club '20; Jour. Staff '20.





VIRGINIA KELLY

Com. Spirit Rep. '17; Sec. Treas. Low Senior Class '19; Sec. Girls Asso. '20; Forum Club '20; Com. Club '20; Debating Soc. '20, '19; Spanish Club '18, '19, '20; Student Body; Sen. Jinx '19, Candy Sale '18.

ED. LITSINGER

Jazz Band; Forum Club; Commonwealth Club; Treas. Sen. Class '19.

ERNEST V. LOESCH

Transferred from Montezuma, Los Gatos, Deb. Team '19, '20; Jazz Band '19, '20; Swimming Team '19; Com. Club '19; Camera Club '20; Trumpeter R. O. T. C. '19.

JULIA LONGFELLOW—Business Manager

Knitting Rep. '18; Mgr. Jr. Basketball Team '18; Vice Pres. Deb. Soc. '19, '20; Spanish Club '19, '20; Com. Club '20; Forum Club '20.

PEARL MEDROW

Sec. Treas. Welfare Com. '18; Sec. Com. Club '20; Sen. Jinx '19; Forum Club '20; Vice Pres. Spanish Club '19.

HAZEL MIKKELSON

Baseball '17, '20; Basketball '18; Com. Basketball Team '18; Deb. Soc. '20; Forum Club '20; Spanish Club '20.

LILLIAN MOLLER

Pit Rep. '17; Com. Club '19; Players Club '19; Span. Club '19; Forum Club '20; Sen. Jinx Com. '19; Armistice Day Rec. '19.

CLARENCE OLSSEN

Basketball '16, '17, '18, '19; Track '19; Baseball Team '20.

CHARLES PLATT

Debate Team '19; Com. Club '19; Forum Club '20.

WALTER DEAN

Pres. Student Body June '20; Vice Pres. Student Body Dec. '19; Journal Staff '20; Commerce Spirit '19; Basketball Captain '16, '17, '18, '19; Track '16, '17, '18, '19; Football Captain '19; Swimming '19; Baseball '19.

DOROTHY ERHART

Baseball '17, '18; Basketball '18, '19; Mgr. Basketball '19; Spirit '19; Journal '20; Armistice Day Com. '19; Girls Yell Leader '18, '19, '20; Girls' Assoc. Treas. '20; Asst. Sec. Span. Club '19, '20; Com. Club '19; Forum Club '20; Capt. Junior Baseball '19.

WALTER FELIX

Cadets '18, '19; Pres. Senior Class '20; Spirit Staff '19, '20; Journal Staff '20; Freshman Rec. '20; Jinx '19; Span. and Forum Club.

MARION GATES

Freshman Com. '17; Jour. Staff '17; Spirit Staff 18; Fresh. Com. '18; Red Cross Com. '18; Asso. Editor Spirit '18; Junior Pres. '18; Fresh. Com. '19; Junior Basketball; Com. Basketball '18; Players' Club '18; Journ. Rep. '18; Editor Spirit '19; Sen. Baseball '19; Vice Pres. Com. '19; Capt. Sen. Basketball '19; Baseball '20; Spanish Club '19; Forum Club '20.

BABBETTE GOLDSCHMIDT

Sec. Knitting Com. '18; Sec. Welfare Com. '19; Forum Club; Welfare Com. '20.

MYRTLE GROSS

Student Body; Forum Club, Commonwealth Club.

ALICE KAVANAGH

Capt. Basketball Team '18; Jun. Baseball '19; Sec. Wel. Com. '19; Sec. Jun. Class '19; Sec. Girls Asso. '19; Pres. Girls Asso. '20; Vice Pres. Forum Club '20; Spirit Staff '19; Jour. Staff '19; Sen. Base. '19; Span. Club '19; Fresh. Rec. Com. '19; Armistice Day Com. '19; Red Cross Rep. '18.

MADOLIN KEEGAN—Secretary

Pres. Fresh. '16; Lunch Sale '16; Jour. Rep. '17; Fresh. Rec. '19; Jour. Jinx '19; Sen. Jinx '19; Arm. Day Com. '19; Vice Pres. Low Sen. '19; Vice Pres. Girls Asso. '20; Fresh. Rec. '20; Sec. H. Sen. '20; Vice Pres. Sen. Class '20; Pres. Debat Soc. '20; Basketball '19; Base. '19; Com. Club '19; Spirit Staff '19; Baseball '20; Jour. Staff '19; Forum Club '20; Wel. Com. '20; Exec. Board '20.





LUCILLE ANDERSON

Student Body Rep. '18; Glee Club '18; Com. Club '19; Span. Club '19, '20; Forum Club '20.

EMILY BISCHOFF

Wel. Com. '18, '19; Freshman Recep. '19; Senior Jinx '19; Pres. Welfare Com. '19, '20; Forum Club '20; Stud. Body '20; Span. Club '19.

ALICE BOEGERSHAUSEN

Soph. Basketball Team '18; Junior Baseball Team '19; Senior Baseball Team '20; Forum Club '20; Pres. Welfare Com. '20; Sec. of Senior Class '20.

BERNICE BORKHEIM

Freshman Reception '19; Sen. Farewell Com. '19; Freshman Reception '19; Armistice Day 19; Com. Club '19; Art Staff '19; Art Club '19, '20; Fresh Rec. '20; Forum Club '20; School Basket Ball Team '18; Baseball Team '19.

EARLE BANCROFT BREHAUT

Class Pres. '16; Track '18, '20; Baseball '17 '18, '20; Basketball '17, '18, '19, '20; Swimming interclass '18, '20; Pres. Com. Club '20 Forum Club; Student Body; Exec. Board, '18, '19, '20; Span. Club; Sgt. High School Cadets; Sgt. Major R. O. T. C.

ALBERT CASTLE—Editor

Baseball Team '18, '19, '20; Cadets '17; Corporal '18; Jazz Band '19, '20; Pres. Span. Club. '19, '20; Commerce Spirit Staff '19, '20; Journal Staff '20; Forum Club '20; Exec. Board '20; Student Body.

HELEN CHRISTENSEN—Vice President

Fresh. Rec. '19, '20; Senior Jinx '19; Senior Farewell '19; Players Club June '19; Armistice Day '19; Class Rep. '19; Forum Club '20; Vice Pres. Senior Class '20; Baseball Team '19; Basketball Team '19; Commerce Day '19.

SARA DAVIS

Com. Club '19; Debate Soc. '19, '20; Basketball Team '19; Forum Club '20.

Class of June, 1920

Class Officers

President ..... Armand Vialatte
Vice President ..... Helen Christensen
Secretary ..... Madoline Keegan
Treasurer ..... Earl Tooker

ROLL.

Lucile Anderson
Emily Bischoff
Alice Boergershausen
Bernice Borkheim
Earl Brehaut
Albert Castle
Helen Christensen
Sarah Davis
Walter Dean
Dorothy Erhart
Walter Felix
Marion Gates
Babette Goldschmidt
Myrtle Gross
Alice Kavanagh
Madoline Keegan
Virginia Kelly
Ed Litsinger
Ernest Loesch
Julia Longfellow
Pearl Medrow
Hazel Mikkelson
Lillian Moller
Clarence Olssen
Charles Platt
Esther Price
Myrtle Simmonds
Lily Taxiera
Charlotte Thiele
Earl Tooker
Adah Turner
Armand Vialatte
Harriet White

service." When "Madame" appeared I could not restrain my mirth, for it proved to be no other than Miss Gertrude Thors, our school friend. She was "de-light-ed" to be of service to us. Before leaving, we experienced a pleasant surprise upon the arrival of Sarah Moscovitz, who was also in quest of "un chapeau." She told us she was now holding a responsible position as private secretary to the President of the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank. We bade adieus reluctantly after recounting many interesting experiences.

Charlotte and I finally arrived at our destination. At the Information Desk; a capable young woman was busily engaged with her duties. As we approached, she glanced up, and instantly we three exchanged glances of recognition. After the first greetings Miss Dorothy Clark, for she it was, told us that we had just missed meeting our studious friend, Irene Bedford, who was now teaching in one of the city schools. She then told us that aside from receiving a very bad shock, Angela, was entirely out of danger and would soon be her cheery self. "You will find her in the East Wing of the Private Wing Section," and she added, with a curious smile, "be prepared for a pleasant surprise." It certainly was a pleasant one for us when the tall sweet-faced nurse, in white cap and apron, responded to our gentle tap on the door. There stood the "surprise," Miss Olga Gibson now head nurse in the East Wing of the St. Francis Hospital. Under her skillful management the patient was progressing rapidly. Our pleasant visit ended all too soon, the "head nurse" saying that too much excitement was not good for the patient.

Upon leaving the Hospital I decided to go for a long promised sitting at Ebert's Portrait Studio. Since graduating "Fat" had gone through College and was now a successful photographer, as well as the proud father of a family of two.

That "duty" accomplished, Charlotte and I turned our faces homeward.

Arriving home, I proceeded to open the afternoon's mail, which consisted of but one letter. In it I learned that Francis Burke, our former classmate, is teaching at Stanford as Assistant Professor in the Department of Mathematics.

After dinner that evening, I decided to call on my friend and neighbor, Mrs. X, nee Catherine Begley. Having graduated with the class of Dec. '20 from the High School of Commerce, the occurrences of the day would certainly be of interest to her.

A. KELLY, '20.

Class History, 1919

At last! We have arrived! We are now the mighty seniors! Ah! but such a long, weary trail to reach this exalted height! I shall tell you all about it.

In January, 1916, we entered Commerce and passed our Scrub year, as all Scrubs do, in study and oblivion. We did our share in making the Senior Jinx and Candy Sale a success, as we rightly should after the splendid reception they gave us.

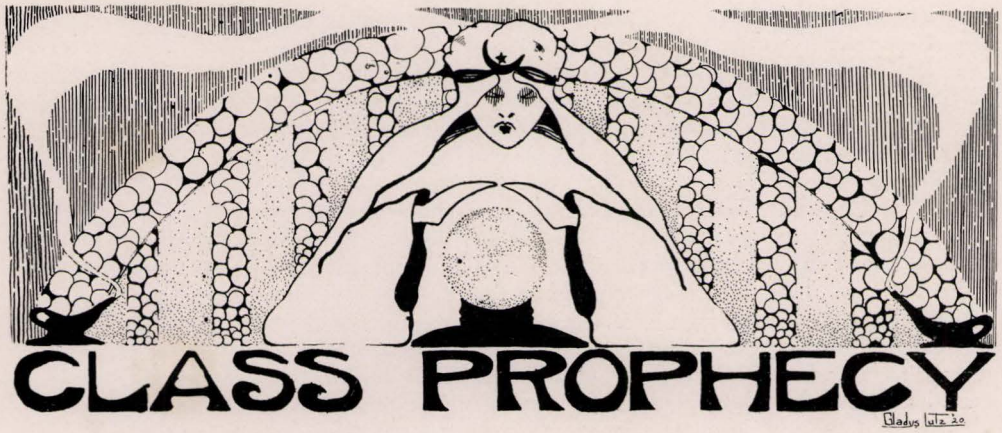
But at last we were rid of our greenness and had become the allies of the Almighty Seniors. As a class we were a great success, contributing more than our share of boys and girls in all school activities.

Christmas, 1918, saw us enter our Junior Year with greatly reduced ranks. But if we didn't have the numbers, we had the pick of the old Soph class and the spirit. Our members were in every school activity and Room 4, the High Junior Class, won the school basket-ball championship.

And then we became Seniors. Our members were the leaders in school activities and our scholarship, as a class, was good. Many successful dances and hikes were held. We are sorry to leave our school but we shall always keep a warm spot in our heart for her.

Best luck and wishes to our successors.

F. BURKE, '19.



CLASS PROPHECY

Nine forty-five! And I had an appointment with my dentist at ten! I consoled myself with the thought that being an old schoolmate, Dr. Albert Enderlin would understand my tardiness.

B-r-ring! B-ring! That horrid telephone again! My somewhat impatient "Hello" was answered by a familiarly sweet voice! "I want to remind you to stop at the florists on your way to the studio Alice. . . . Goodbye." It was Charlotte Swan, my school day friend. Two years previous she had opened an art studio after having successfully completed a course at the Hopkins Art Studio.

That afternoon we were to go and see Angela Bellanca who was in the hospital as a result of an automobile accident. "Noted Singer Hurt in Crash." So the newspaper report had read.

After a pleasant hour at the dentists, I hurried to a nearby florists. A sign caught my eye as I entered: "Samuels' Flower Shop, Milton Samuels, Proprietor." I wondered if it could be—yes, it was he—a member of our graduating class, greeting me in the old friendly way. We chatted pleasantly of the old days and the old friends. How quickly five years had passed. He informed me that he had that day received a letter from Alan Heringhi who had graduated with honors from the University of California. Both are druggists. Before parting he wished me success in my new position as head stenographer for a leading manufacturing concern in the East. To my regret, I was to leave dear, old San Francisco in one short month.

I boarded a car and was hardly seated when I heard a sweet, childish voice at my side saying: "Oh, muvver, look at the pretty flowers." Turning, I recognized in "Muvver," to my surprised delight, my old school friend, Anna Jaffee. After exchanging what to the onlooker would seem "frantic greeting" she informed me that she was taking little Dorothea to Miss Bernice Delano's Select Dancing School for her first lesson. We parted reluctantly, chiding ourselves for having been "strangers" for so long and with promises of a renewed friendship in the future.

When I arrived at the studio Charlotte fairly flew to me exclaiming: "What do you suppose I received in this morning's mail? Look! Read it!" And with growing excitement, I read the announcement of the wedding of Mr. Alger McLean and Miss Fannie Friedman which was to take place on the following Tuesday. Alger and Fannie to be married! Some people are born lucky and others marry husbands like Alger, and vice versa. Mr. McLean was now head cashier in a local bank with bright prospects for the future.

At our transfer point on the way to the hospital, Charlotte's artistic fancy was captured by a "dream of a hat" in a fashionable millinery establishment. She must have it! A pleasant-faced girl informed us that "Madame would immediately be at our



OLGA GIBSON

Student Body.

ALAN A. HERINGHI

Book Ex. '17; Red Cross Com. '18, 19; Corp. '17, Sgt. '18; 1st Lieut. '18 Cal. High School Cadets; Capt. '19, Major '19, R. O. T. C.; Sen. Jinx Com. '19; Sec'y. and Treas. Low Sen. Class, '19; Track and Tennis Teams, '19; Asst. Advt. Mgr. Com. Pit. '17; Asst. Advt. Mgr. Com. Sprit '18; Advt. Mgr. Com. Sprit '19; Advt. Mgr. Com. Jour. '19; Exec. Board '19; Com. Club '18; Forum Club '19.

ANNIE JAFFEE

Student Body '16, '17, '18, '19; Class Rep. '16: Candy Sale Com. '17; Vice-Pres. Low Senior Class '19; Candy Sale Com. '19; Sen. Jinx Com. '19; Fr. Rec. Com. '19; Forum Club '19.

ALICE KELLY

Student Body.

ALGER McLEAN—President

Lunch sale '16; Cham. Basketball Team, 120, '17; Red Cross Salvage Com. '18; Treas. Sen. Class '19; Com. Club '17; Deb. Club, '19; Football Mgr. Am. Team '19; Cir. Mgr. Com. Sprit '19; Pres. Class Dec. '19; Pres. Forum Club, '19; Sen. Com. Armistice Day '19.

SARAH MOSCOVITZ—Valedictorian

Mgr. Basketball Team, Junior girls '19; Welfare Com. '19; Span. Club '18, '19; Forum Club. '19; Players Club '19; Rec. Com. Armistice Day '19.

CHARLOTTE HELEN SWAN—Secretary

Trans. Lowell '16; Pres. Deb. Soc. '10; Pres. Fresh. Class, '16; Treas. Girls Assoc. '19; Swimming Team '19; Sec. Forum Club '19; Sec. High Sen. Class '19; Span. Club '19; Sen. Class Sec. '19; Exec. Board '19; Low Sen Luncheon '19; S. Body; Armistice Day Com.; Candy Sale Com. '16; Sen. Jinx '19.

MILTON SAMUEL

Art Staff '19; Art Staff Fall Term '19; Red Cross Rep. '17; '18; Thrift Stamp Rep. '18; Poster Com.; Com. Day Com.; Corp. R. O. T. C.; Fresh Rec.; Armistice Day; Jour. Rep. '18.

GERTRUDE THORS

Trans. from Girls High '18; Com. Club '18; V. Pres. Wel. Club '19; Fr. Club '19; Span. Club '19; Forum Club '19; Rec. Com. Armistice Day '19; Deb. Soc. '19.

IRENE BEDFORD

Com. Club; Forum Club; Sen. Baseball; Jun. Basketball; Spanish Club; De b. Club.

CATHERINE BEGLEY (Picture Omitted)

Student Body.

ANGELA M. BELLANCA

Red Cross Rep. '18; Pres. Red Cross; Sec. Student Assoc.; Com. Club; Forum Club; Spanish Club; De b. Club; Student Dance Com.; Rec. Com. Armistice Day.

FRANCIS BURKE

Class Rep. '16, '17, '18; Jour. Rep. '17; Track '16, '17, '18, '19; Football '16, '17; Baseball '18, Mgr. '19; Forum Club; Com. Club; Chairman Com. Day Com.; Rugby Football, Com. Day; Treas. Student Assoc.; Pres. Student Body '19.

DOROTHY CLARK

Student Body; Com. Club; Forum Club; Rec. Com. Armistice Day; Pres. Wel. Com. '18, '19; Pres. Girls' Assoc.; Lunch Sale Com.; Sec. Girls' Association.

ECKHART H. EBERT—Vice President

Bus. Mgr. Com. Pitl. Exec. Board, '16, '17, '18, '19; Bus. Mgr. Journal '18; Lunch Sale Com.; Sec. Com. Club; Bus. Mgr. Spirit; Forum Club; Treas. Players' Club; Freshman Rec. Com.; First Lieut. Junior R. O. T. C. '19; Journal Staff; Senior Jinx Com.; Vice Pres. Sen. Class '19.

ALBERT ENDERLIN—Treasurer

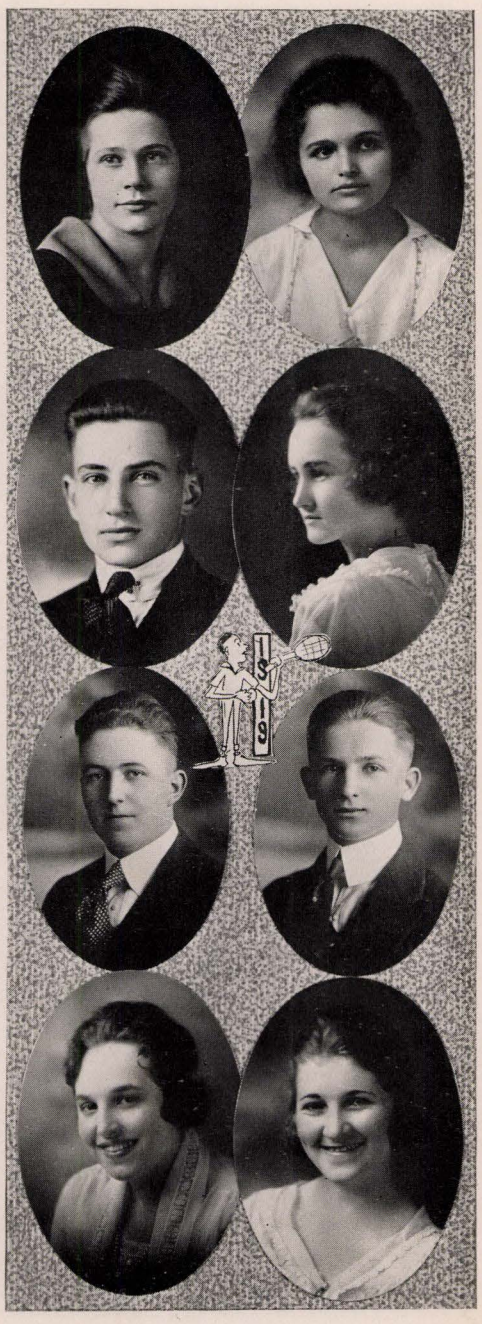
Room Pres.; Sen. Jinx and Candy Sales Com.; Salvage Com.; Cadets; Com. Club; Forum Club; Lieut. R. O. T. C.; Baseball Team; Vice Pres. Sen. Class; Sec. Sen. Class; Exec. Ed. Spirit; Treas. Sen. Class '19; Exec. Board; Pres. Sen. Class '19.

BERNICE DE LANO

Span. Club; Forum Club; Com. Club; Fresh. Rec. Com.; Senior Jinx Com.; Rec. Com. Armistice Day; Student Body:

FANNIE FRIEDMAN

Trans. from Lowell Jan. '18; Senior Baseball, '19; Com. Club, '19; French Club '19; Vice-Pres. Forum Club; '19; Rec. Com. Armistice Day, '19.



Class of December, 1919

Class Officers

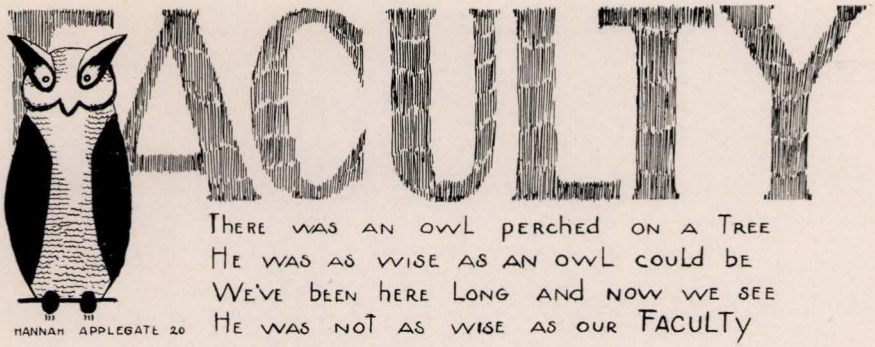
President	Alger McLean
Vice President	Eckhart Ebert
Secretary	Charlotte Swan
Treasurer	Albert Enderlin

CLASS MOTTO

"Ever Onward"

ROLL

Irene Bedford
Catherine Begley
Angela M. Bellanca
Francis Burke
Dorothy Clark
Berenice De Lano
Eckhart H. Ebert
Albert Enderlin
Fannie Friedman
Alan A. Heringhi
Annie Jaffee
Alice Kelly
Alger McLean
Sarah Moscovitz
Milton Samuel
Charlotte H. Swan
Gertrude Thors



Colonel C. H. Murphy.....Principal
Mr. J. P. Nourse.....Vice Principal
Miss Ida G. Garbarino.....Dean of Girls
Miss Harriet Riesener.....Secretary

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
Miss Irene Furlong
Miss Rene Cullen
Miss Clarice Kirwin
Miss Teresa Hess
Mr. I. G. Alger
Miss Rosa M. Diehl

HISTORY DEPARTMENT
Miss Georgiana Hawkins
Miss Constance M. Dewey
Miss Florence E. Barnard

LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT
Miss Manuela C. Salcido
Miss Anna M. Tietjen
Miss L. Pechin
Miss Beatrice Bacigalupi
Miss Anna T. Cresalia
Miss Mae Johnson

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Mr. George H. Learned
Miss Aileen M. Hennessey
Miss Ottille Miller
Mr. Chas. A. Colmore

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Mr. David Hardy
Miss Aileen M. Hennessey
Mrs. S. W. Mcinerson
Miss Beatrice M. Murray

PENMANSHIP DEPARTMENT
Miss Louise E. Freese

STENOGRAPHY DEPARTMENT
Mrs. Leila M. Palmer
Miss Mary Hayes
Miss Isabel M. Sandy
Miss Mary Clarke

BOOKKEEPING DEPARTMENT
Mr. Milo A. Tucker
Miss Harriet E. Rademaker
Miss Anna J. Rock
Mrs. Blanche Preeman

TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT
Miss Ida Garbarino
Miss Sarah Langdon
Mr. Edgar Cameron
Miss Mary T. Clarke
Miss Beatrice Heaney

COMMERCIAL APPLIANCES
Mrs. Mary E. Amrath

MUSIC DEPARTMENT
Miss Constance Dewey

DRAWING DEPARTMENT
Miss Amy Dewing
Mr. David Hardy

PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Miss Olive Wheaton
Miss Margaret Anderson
Mr. P. Prinz

FACULTY

CLASSES OF

1919 : 1920 : 1921 : 1922 : 1923

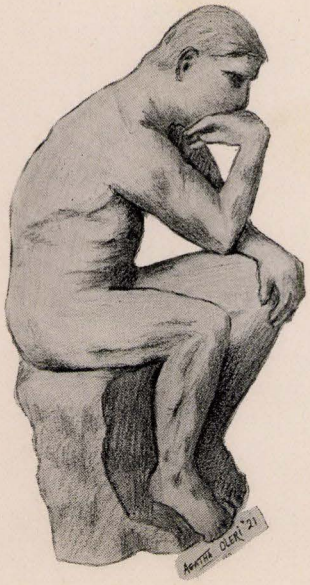
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